

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

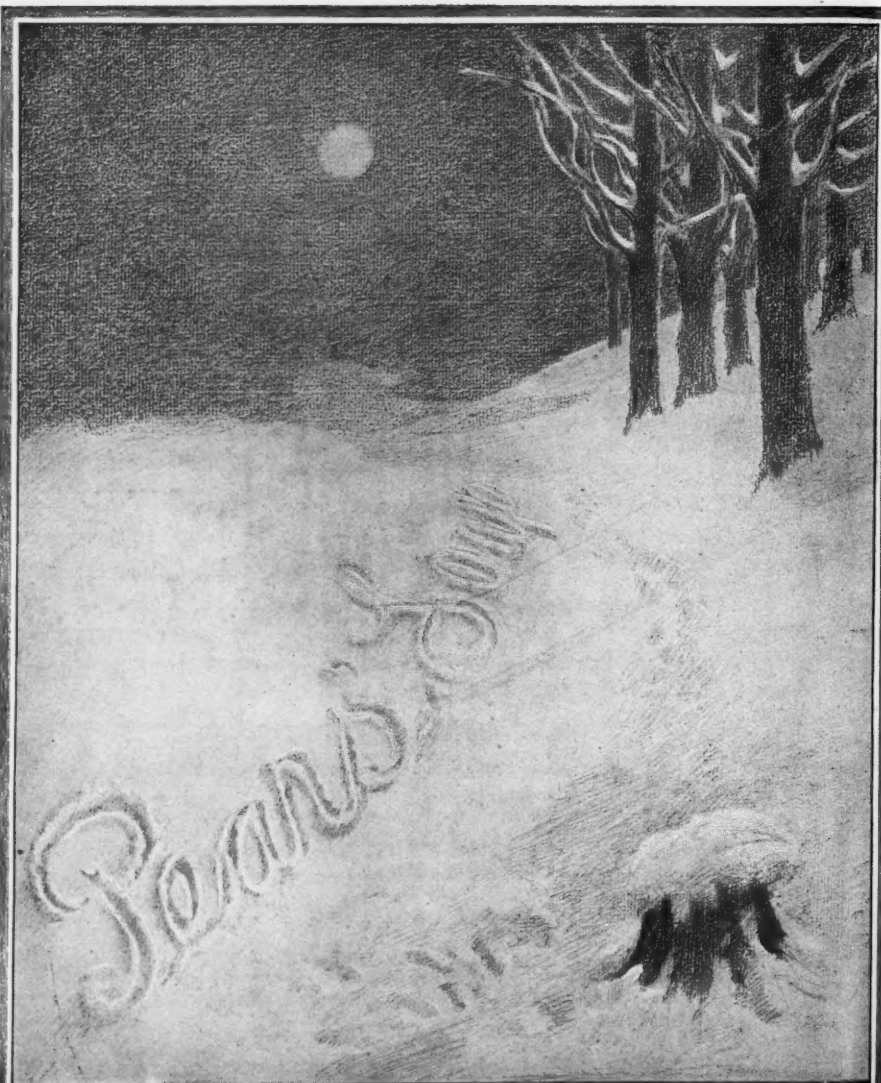
Edited by *Ire Mitchell Chapple*

*Feb.
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*Affairs
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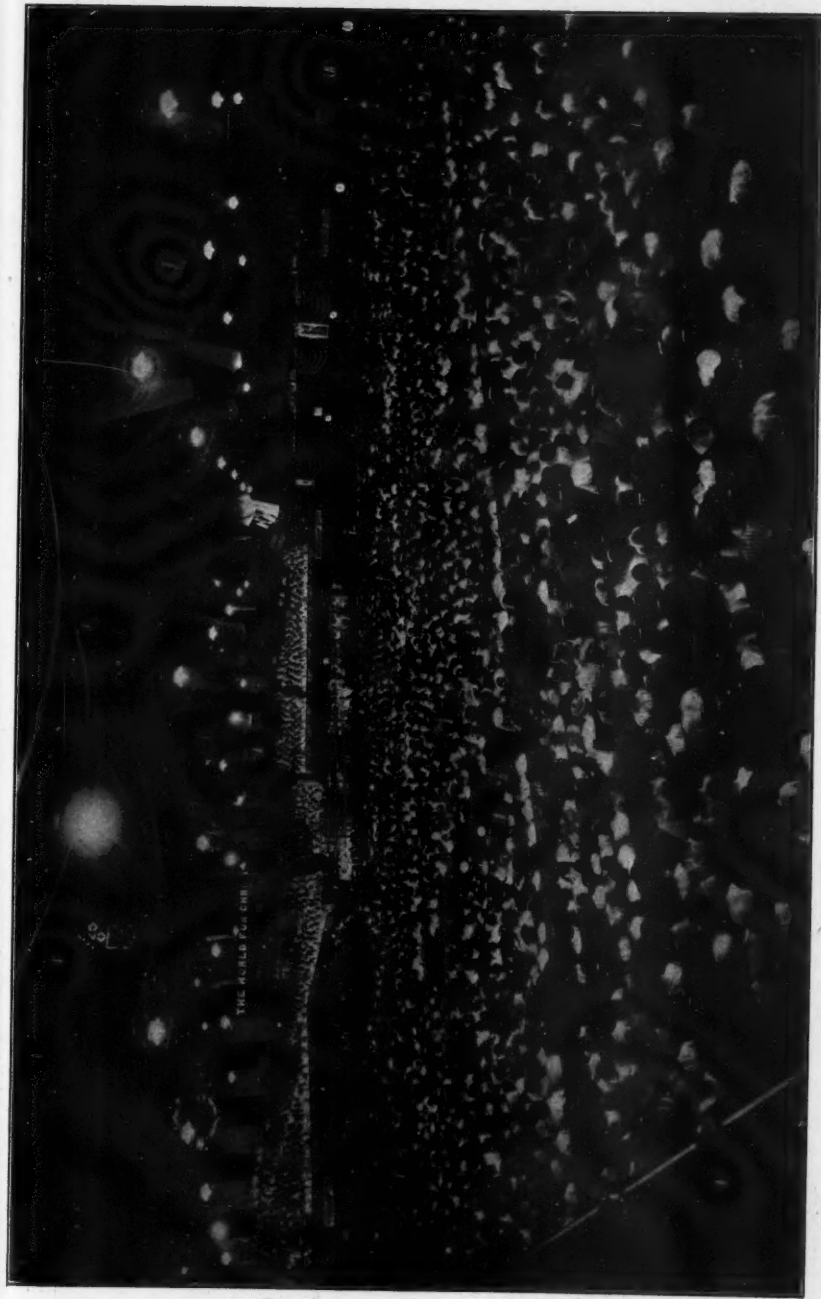
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AUDIENCE AND CHOIR AT THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION, HELD
LAST JULY AT BALTIMORE

(See Miss Crawford's article, "The World for Christ," page 473.)

CARMACK
(TENNESSEE)

KEAN
(NEW JERSEY)

CULLOM
(ILLINOIS)

CHAIRMAN ELKINS
(WEST VIRGINIA)

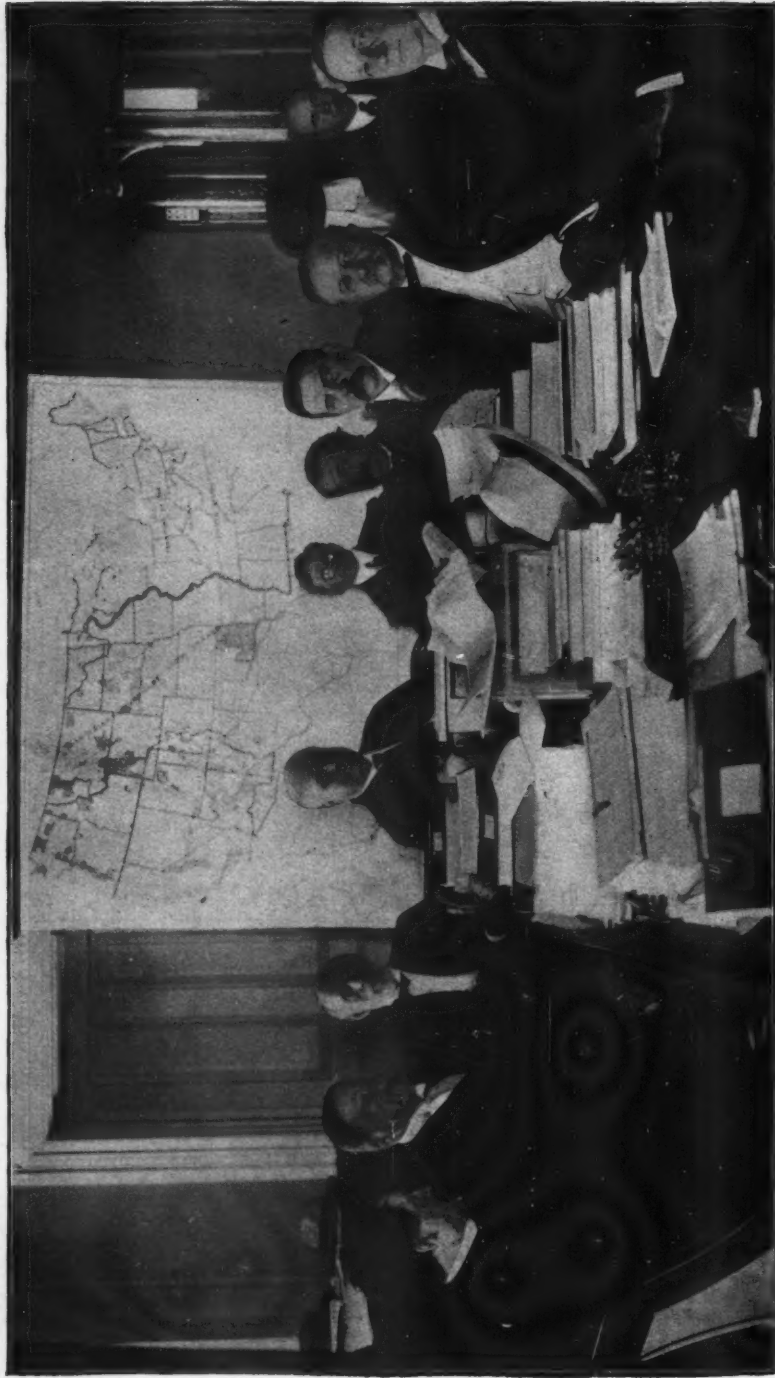
COMMITTEE
CLERK CLAPP
(MINNESOTA)

DOLLIVER
(IOWA)

FOSTER
(LOUISIANA)

PRESS
REPORTER
(NEVADA)

NEWLANDS
(NEVADA)



THE SENATE'S INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMITTEE DISCUSSING PLANS TO REGULATE RAILWAY RATES

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VOLUME XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1906

NUMBER FIVE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

A MERRY month it has been in Washington. "If all the world loves a lover," national interest at this time includes the lass and the lover. Many important measures are pending before congress for the month and vital questions are being discussed, but public attention has been focussed on the marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt, to occur at the White House on February 17. Following the Taft campaign in the Philippines and the date of Saint Valentine's conquest, the coming nuptials have simply submerged all other questions of the hour.

This is more than mere idle curiosity concerning the personality of the president's daughter. The White House is a domicile that always holds public interest. Within these walls have gathered lights and shadows of the large national home interest. Here the simple epochs of life are celebrated with a feeling of a federal family interest; christenings and marriages and the dark messenger of death have gathered about the executive hearthstone.

The first marriage ever solemnized

here was during the administration of President Monroe, when Miss Todd, a relative of Mrs. Monroe, was married in the romantic fashion of the stately colonial days of Virginia. The East Room was used for the nuptials of Elizabeth Tyler, (January 31, 1842,) then nineteen and a belle; the bride left the White House for a simple Virginian home.

President Tyler was married in the White House, choosing as his second wife Miss Julia Gardner of New York. John Adams, Junior, was wedded during the time of his father's administration, and it is reported that President Adams—the grave, the stately and sedate—rattled his heels at the wedding in a gay Virginia reel.

Two nieces of General Jackson had the honor of being married at the White House, but the event which will be remembered by Americans yet living was the wedding of Nellie Grant, the daughter who was the delight of her father's heart, to Captain Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris. A niece of President Hayes also became a bride in the

East Room. The bells of Washington pealed forth at the time Grover Cleveland was married to Miss Frances Folsom, and now to this historic list is added the marriage of Miss Alice Lee Roosevelt to Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Ohio. You see Ohio will still insist on having a representative in the presidential family. The public feels an interest in this event because the bride is an American girl who has budded into womanhood under the affectionate gaze of the public eye. Firm and self-reliant, she has proved herself worthy to be the daughter of one who is a high type of American manhood; the history of the Roosevelt administration will have no brighter pages than those which chronicle the doings of the piquant, vivacious daughter of the White House, who passes from its portals as a February bride.

Secretary Taft is now known as a fairy Prince Cupid, because he is supposed to have a peculiar talent for bringing young people together, as witnessed in the fact that two engagements have resulted from the trip recently conducted by him. It seems that Miss Roosevelt is not the only lady who felt the influence of the southern climate and moonlight nights. The engagement of her friend, Miss Critten of New York, is also announced, and she will be married to Congressman Swager Sherley, of Louisville, Kentucky, early in the Spring of the new year. Mr. Sherley has made his mark as a cool, courteous debater and thoroughly well read man and is now entering on his second term in congress.

Mr. Longworth has introduced a bill which, if enacted into law, will be far-reaching in its effect; it appropriates \$5,000,000 for the purchase of suitable homes for diplomatic representatives of Uncle Sam in other parts of

the world. This is a measure that especially appeals to Americans who travel,—the need proposed to be met in this measure. It may require some time to pass it, but it will have to come, and meantime the commercial and industrial interests of the country, as well as the dignity of the nation, are suffering. In political circles this measure is facetiously spoken of as "Nick Longworth's 'Home Bill,'" for it is believed that the young politician has developed an interest in the domestic arts and "home-building" that is very keen.

THE visit of the Taft party to the Philippines this Summer accomplished more than the mere change of sentiment on the part of some members. It has been the means of substituting facts for hearsay. Chairman Cooper of the insular affairs committee has decided that the Filipinos will turn their attention more to the growing of hemp rather than of tobacco and sugar and that hereafter hemp will be their chief export to the United States market. Mr. Cooper was at one time a teacher, and was greatly impressed with the work accomplished by the American schools in the island; he insists that the necessity for manual training and agricultural instruction is of preeminent importance. He is advocating the setting aside of forty per cent. of the receipts of all land sales in the islands for primary schools and twenty per cent. for higher schools.

The usual experience of not knowing a country, no matter how much one reads, until it is actually visited, has shown that the nation has made a good investment in having the congressmen—who, by the way, paid their own expenses—investigate personally, at first hand, the propositions on which they are to act. If Daniel Webster had visited Oregon before he made his famous harangue against "the wild wastes of the West," he would have escaped making



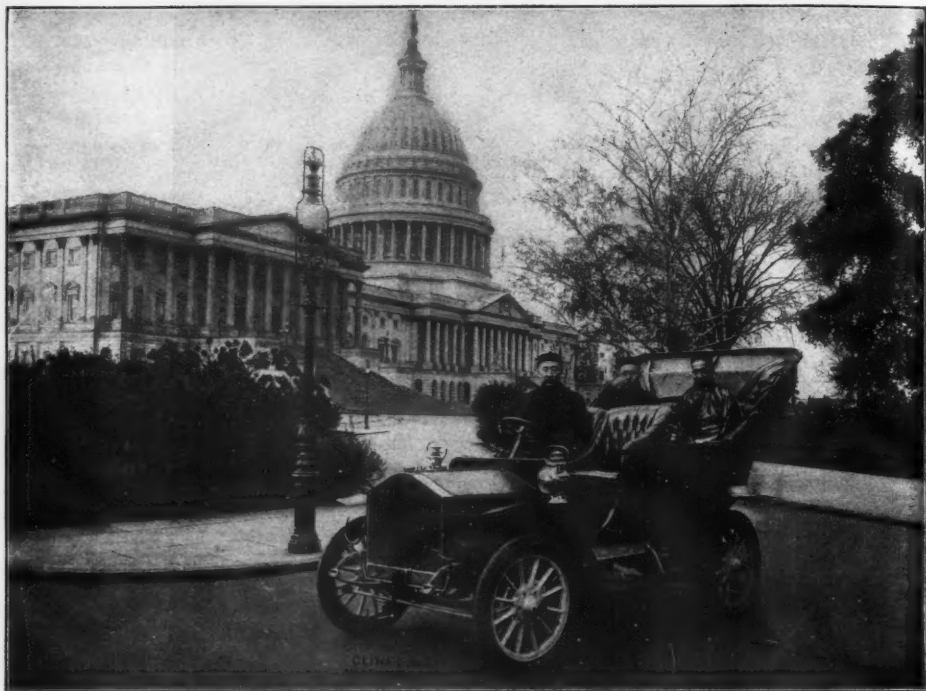
JUSTICES PECKHAM AND WHITE

Photograph by Clinedinst

a grave blunder. As American citizens become travel-wise it is essential that their law-makers shall at least be equally well informed. The fabric of legislation built on theoretical hypothesis is always weak in the final test.

THE initial official reception at the White House was the most brilliant function which has taken place within recent years. Nearly everyone who received the neatly engraved card, with

the individual name engrossed upon it, attended. These gatherings are now so thoroughly systematized that there is little or no transference of cards, as in former years. After the visitor has successfully run the gauntlet of the long cloak room, he is ushered at once into a scene which is of lively interest. The long double file of people move slowly up the stairs through the main corridors into the state dining-room, to the Blue Room, where Mrs. Roosevelt and the president and his



SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG, CHINESE MINISTER, AND ONE OF HIS AIDES

Photograph copyright 1905 by Olindeinst

cabinet officers receive. A few guests lingered in the Red Room adjoining, where Miss Roosevelt and her fiancé were the center of a throng of admirers.

It might be interesting to the women readers of the *National* to know just what Miss Alice wore that night, but I am blessed if I can tell, so I must refer you to the society papers—but I do know that she was happy and handsome. Out of this room I passed to the East Room, where the conversation strikes all keys and all tempos, and where one sees the faces familiar in public life.

In one corner of this room is a handsome Steinway grand piano which was in the New York building at the St. Louis

Exposition, but had no chance that night.

Very few of the guests were seated, and the reception had the regulation appearance of a church social—without the oysters. There were greetings, meetings and hand-shakings, some private story-telling and perhaps a furtive glance now and then at the different gowns, with an occasional hop and skip over the long trains. At ten o'clock the president and party march out through the East Room and down through the corridor to the private living-rooms, and the reception is at an end. Taps are sounded.

There was a piquancy, a sparkle about the presidential reception this year that was refreshing, and an absence of mere perfunctory ceremony. We passed

out into the starry night, alive with the rumble of carriages waiting to carry away the superlative dignitaries; but the street cars democratically transported most of the guests from the function.

Now the long routine of dinners begins, and night after night familiar faces are met at the festive board. One of the staid justices was heard to remark that it was a task far above the research in leather-covered law books for him to keep up a stock of new stories for table gossip, and that he had gone back in despair to Aesop's Fables, from which he draws freely, giving a local coloring and supplying copious remarks. Properly labelled, he says he finds they sound as fresh as some of Senator Depew's latest. The Gridiron Club is well under way with its campaign of dinners. There is a sparkle and "go" about these fes-

tivities which causes them to stand unrivalled. The guests include many prominent public men, not overlooking the president himself, who seems to enjoy the jolly, rollicking tone about as well as anyone. The dinners are radiant with wit and humor, and there is "something doing" from oysters to coffee, the eating being more or less incidental.

AT the New Willard the other evening, I had an entertaining chat with a man fresh from the diamond fields of the De Beers Company in South Africa. He declared that this had been the greatest diamond year ever known in the United States, and that nearly sixty-five per cent. of their product was sold to American buyers. The diamond mines in Brazil, he said, have languished in recent years, and the few diamonds found in California and the



SENOR FELIPE PARDO, MINISTER OF PERU TO THE UNITED STATES
Photograph by Noel News Service



SENORA TERESA BARREDA DE PARDO, BRIDE OF THE MINISTER FROM PERU
Photograph by Noel News Service

Ural mountains and in India were in all less than fifteen per cent. of the total output of the world. It was rather startling to learn from him—a diamond expert—that diamonds are not the most precious stones, but are in the greatest demand not only for their beauty but



SENATOR MCENERY, LOUISIANA

Photograph by Clineinst

on account of their hardness and enduring qualities. While we were sitting there watching the senators, representatives and visitors lounging about smok-

ing and chatting in the lobby, he ventured the prediction that there was not a man in the room who was not wearing a diamond of some kind. "And yet," said he, "we speak slightly of the vanity of women." In order to verify his prediction, we strolled around, and I was amazed to find that there really was not a man there who was not wearing a diamond, either in the form of studs, ring or sleeve links—to say nothing of the "searchlights" radiating from the clerks at the desks. I should not like to vouch for it that they were all De Beers diamonds, or of the first water, but in future I am quite prepared to believe that there are more individuals in America possessing or claiming to possess diamonds than in any other country. In a commonwealth the jewel wealth is not so likely to concentrate in the crowns of kings and nobles. It is a very modest American who does not feel that some day or other he will be able to wear diamonds—the real thing.

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THE second session of the fifty-ninth congress is well under way. Ninety-three new members are on the pay-roll. Payments usually are made on the fourth of the month and the members draw checks on the sergeant-at-arms. No sooner have they assumed their seats than they are compelled to keep an eye on the election which takes place next Fall. It requires a year or more before the voice of the people as expressed in congressional elections can be heard in Washington.

A glimpse at the calendar on the house side shows that the statehood bill was one of the first on the list. Then there is the Philippine tariff, on which the committee has been wrestling with the problems of sugar and tobacco; and the rate bill, with Messrs. Esch and Townsend hard at it, trying to compress congressional will in a measure which may withstand attack and be safely granted with constitutional block-signals.



REPRESENTATIVE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
OF CINCINNATI, WHO HAS WON THE
HAND OF MISS ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT

Mr. Longworth was born in Cincinnati November 5, 1869; he is a graduate of Harvard University and Cincinnati Law School, 1894; has been a member of the Cincinnati school board and of both houses of the Ohio legislature; was elected to the fifty-eighth congress and reelected to the fifty-ninth.

Photograph by Clinedinst

Congressman McCleary on ways and means, with house bill number 9,752, brings forward an act to give the secretary of the treasury the same power to retaliate for any discriminations made against the United States that foreign governments exercise upon us, at least to the extent of twenty-five per cent. This bill gives the power to make needful regulations for those emergencies which in other countries are met by the royal

will. The bill will checkmate the impulsive practice of other countries by providing for retaliation that compels the real spirit of reciprocity—"quid pro quo"—so to speak.

Of course there will be a deficiency bill. What would the life of a congress be without a deficiency! This is a feature of legislation with which I am always in sympathy. I begin to meditate on deficiency bills about the time I

am ready to return to Boston and find myself fairly short of fare. The present deficiency estimate is of healthy proportions, but small compared with previous years; it will necessitate an urgent rush of appropriations at the end of the session. The old method of rushing through deficiency appropriations left the money entirely in the hands of heads of departments, instead of being under the direct orders of congress, but the fifty-ninth congress is zealous in protecting all of its rights and privileges implied in the constitution, and the appropriation committee is already provided with good-sized hammers to knock.

THE opening session of the fifty-ninth congress was something like a preliminary faculty reception—to get acquainted. The well seasoned leaders and members put down the lid when they found that the effervescence of younger men was certain to result in a flood of oratory. Fred W. Landis made a striking speech, but some of the older members shook their heads when he lingered around some of the sensational headline phrases; like his brother, C. W. Landis, Fred Landis has won his spurs as a congressional orator. F. J. Garrett of Tennessee has started well on his career, and promises to go to the front as one of the energetic young southern members.

A keen parliamentarian in the house is Phillip P. Campbell of Pittsburg, Kansas. There is a touch of reminiscent history in finding the name of J. Sloan Fassett of New York on the roll-call. Still young in looks, he is in reality an "old stager" of the Empire state. Well read and a strong man, he comes to the arena alert for action.

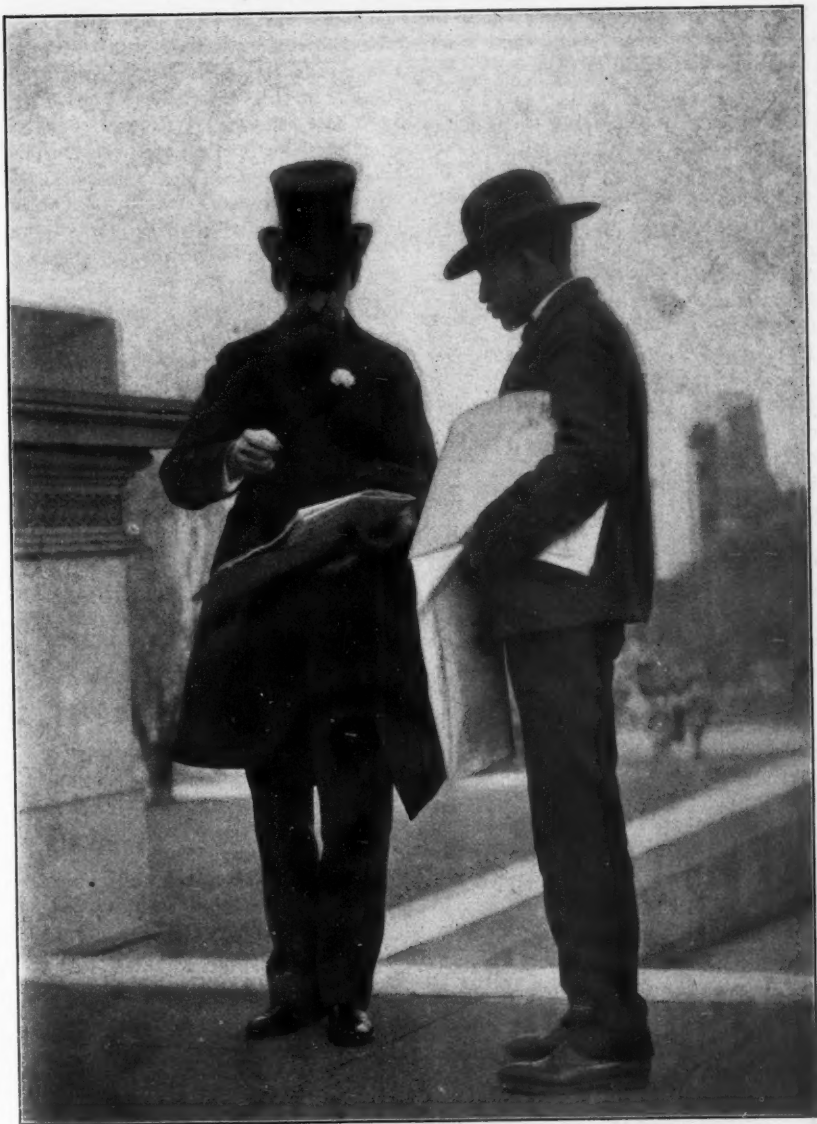
THERE is no Private John Allen, with ready anecdote, but Joseph Fordney of Saginaw, Michigan, has a strong incli-

nation in that direction, and after he had related several stories in the cloak room he was gravely promised a career as professional story-relater—and a red necktie—if he would only keep on as he had begun and not repeat his stories more than twice at the same session.

One meets an old friend going to congress now and then. Everis A. Hayes of California, long years ago, was an acquaintance whom it was a delight to greet. In those early days he was a modest mining man in control of the Germania mine on the Gogebic Range; then, as now, the same democratic, sterling citizen, who, although a millionaire, knows the real value of labor and pluck. One of the members from Chicago is Martin B. Madden, who undertakes his work in the vigorous and decisive manner in which he is wont to handle a large contract. His political reputation was made in the Chicago city council, which he dominated for several years.

The senate is being recruited from the house and there still are other members who expect to walk across through the corridors at the Capitol and take seats in the senate.

DURING the afternoon lull at the executive office I met General Robert A. Maxwell, who was fourth assistant postmaster-general under President Cleveland. This wholesome-looking gentleman was the "axe-man" of the Cleveland administration. His blue eyes sparkled as he told of "his boys," and well he may be proud of them, for among them are numbered Hon. George B. Cortelyou, postmaster-general; Mr. Barnes, assistant secretary to the president; Mr. Merritt Chance, chief clerk in the postoffice department, and Mr. Elmer E. Paine, representing the Associated Press. Each of these gentlemen expressed toward the ex-assistant postmaster-general an appre-



SENATOR CLARK, THE MONTANA COPPER CROESUS, BUYS A MORNING PAPER

Photograph by Olin Edin

ciation it was delightful to witness. They had come to him as strangers in the glare of Washington life, but they

found in General Maxwell a friend as well as chief.

"They were good boys, and I knew

they had the stuff in them," said the general. "From the very start I was fortunate in having about me the material of which men are made, and I have proved my judgment of them was right, despite their politics and the change in the administrations. There never were hours too long if there was anything to do, and there never was a courtesy too slight for them to extend."

The tribute paid this veteran of Cleveland days—now living a peaceful and contented life in Batavia—by Mr. Elmer Paine, was another illustration of how much good is done by helping along younger men and aiding them to succeed by kindly encouragement. It means a great deal to develop all the latent and hidden strength of the recruits.

There was a hearty greeting between General Maxwell and his boys, and it was a refreshing change from the formality of official calls, for the general has come to Washington to "see his boys."

Mr. Paine represented an Ohio newspaper at the time Senator Hanna first came to Washington, and had his close confidence. During the busy days of '98 he found it difficult to obtain an audience concerning important state matters. Finally he reached Senator Hanna, and he still possesses a card which reads as follows:

"The bearer of this is Mr. Elmer E. Paine, and he is to see me at any time."
M. A. HANNA.

Even this perpetual passport had a limit. At one time an important matter came up and Mr. Paine went directly to the house on Lafayette Square. He presented the card and gained admittance to the waiting-room. It carried him still farther: first to the office and then to the inner office. Finally it was explained to him that the senator was taking a bath. Mr. Paine replied that his

business was of vital importance, and the card was sent direct to the bathroom. Very soon the senator emerged, attired hastily in his bathrobe, which might well have suggested the flowing togas of the legislators of ancient Rome. This was the occasion of one of the most important interviews ever made public, one that was vital in changing the route of the Isthmian Canal from Nicaragua to Panama.

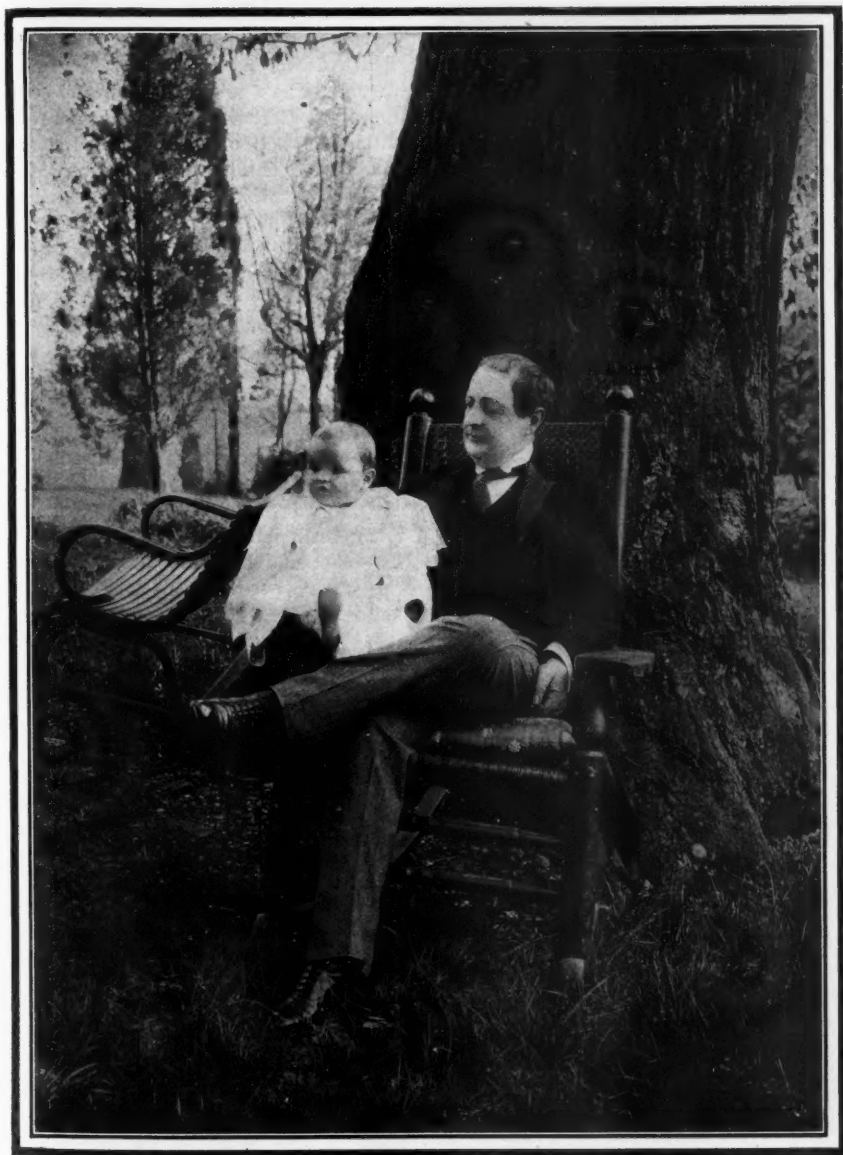
Those who remember something of the life of Senator Hanna will recall how he was deluged with callers and letters and will understand how much this card must have meant to Mr. Paine.

ASSISTANT Secretary of the Navy

Truman H. Newberry is now installed in the office once occupied by President Roosevelt. Mr. Newberry is a genial gentleman who hails from Detroit, and for many years has been active in the naval reserve service on the Great Lakes. It is not surprising that many of the most earnest supporters of naval growth have come from the cities which border on the lakes or the seacoast.

Mr. Newberry is a man of wealth and has taken up this work with the appreciation and enthusiasm of one who loves his task. He is making rapid progress in following out the plans which he has initiated for popularizing naval development and a policy of "preparedness."

The naval appropriation bill is trembling in the balance for fear Uncle Joe Cannon's pruning-knife will come along and cut it down \$20,000,000 or so, to make it an even \$100,000,000. When it is realized that \$60,000 worth of gunpowder is required by a single ship for naval practice for one year, it can be understood how much money is "blown in," or blown up, to insure the skill of the men behind the guns, that has given the American navy the prestige which it now enjoys.



SENATOR FRANCIS GRIFFITH NEWLANDS OF NEVADA, AT HIS EASE

Photograph copyright 1905 by Clinedinst

Admiral Dewey, in a recent Chicago speech, stimulated the interest of the middle West in the navy and his tribute to the inland state recruits was a revela-



REAR-ADMIRAL BAIRD

tion. The admiral has a delightful way of pointing straight at a fact—he does not desire to beat around the bush. Possibly his opinion of “hazing” at Annapolis may have some effect in changing customs there. The admiral pronounces this practice to be “downright cowardice.” Just like the blunt old salt.

In Berlin I heard a tribute paid to Admiral Dewey by an old Annapolis comrade, Consul-General Thackera. Mr. Thackera insisted that it was plain to see in the early days that something great was in store for the modest and genial

George. Another of Admiral Dewey's comrades is Rear-Admiral G. W. Baird. Rear-Admiral Baird was born in Washington and is a son of the man who built the first passenger locomotive that ever turned a wheel on the American continent. He entered the navy in 1862, and served on the famous old Mississippi, Admiral Dewey being then executive officer. Nineteen years of active service at sea did not prevent him from making various inventions, such as the vibrative steering gear, the motograph and other machines which bear his name.

He installed the first electric lighting plant ever used on board a government ship of any nation. The rear-admiral was once superintending engineer for the United States fish commission. It is interesting to sit for half an hour in his office and hear him relate some of the stirring events of his long years of active service.

THE Oklahoma statehood delegation was one hundred and fifty strong—a typical body of western hustlers. No, they did not bring bronchos; they were there for business and remained ten days. They were as enthusiastic as a college football team. Like a team, they must have a mascot to insure “luck,” and this was nothing more nor less than a razor-backed Ozark pig, acquired without purchase and secured after a hot chase in Missouri by the delegation. Mr. Bewildered Pig was taken on board the train, scrubbed and bedecked with ribbons, served with a light collation in the dining car, and now enjoys the distinction of bearing the name of “Statehood.” The motto of the delegation from that time forth was included in those four words which have had so much to do in all history of achievement and the solution of difficult problems:

“Root Hog or Die.”

The hog, of course, rooted. With this slogan the Oklahoma delegation believe they are to receive just and equitable treatment as citizens of the United States of America, and have a full five-pointed star to add to the galaxy.

If favorable action is taken on the statehood bill, there will have to be more seats added to the senate chamber, as there will then be four more stars to shine in the field of blue. As it is, all the seats are occupied, and many of the republican members on the right have to seek desk-room on the democratic left. A visit to the United States senate always presents a picture of interest; looking from the gallery above into the arena below, one sees the faces of the men who have long served the nation. It is not to be wondered at that senators come to Washington with decided differences as to public policy, and eventually are welded into a close circle of warm friends. The senate seems to me to exercise a judicial as well as legislative function, for whatever else may be said, there is no way of stampeding the senate with any wild impulse that may move the people. Several times this deliberative body has stood in the breach and prevented the enactment of a law calling for free coinage of silver. After the measure had swept through the house, there stood the senate like a bulwark.

The calm and conservative judgment of history will show how many crises in the development of the nation have been successfully tided over by means of the steadfast action of the senate, — saving the house many a time from its own rashness. Nearly all the actual legislation of the senate is transacted in the committee rooms, and the room most in the public eye at present is that of the interstate commerce committee. The information collected by this committee ought to serve as a very thorough digest of facts, — free from the coloring of prejudice or passion.



REPRESENTATIVE CHAMP CLARK
OF MISSOURI

Photograph by Clinedinst

WHAT is more charming than a chat with those senators who have seen years of service? Not only are they in touch with affairs of today but they have also a personal experience of bygone times which has the quaint touch and reminiscent glow. Whenever I meet Senator Proctor, there is always a droll glint in his eye. The statesman from Vermont has had a long and useful career and is much endeared to the dwellers in the Green Mountain state. Today no one is looked upon as a higher authority on Cuban affairs, with

which he had so much to do in the critical days of '98, and he is now regarded by Cubans as a foster-father. His career reaches far back into the stirring seventies—a long time in this swift era; despite the many changes that have occurred, no one is a more keen observer of the flying events of the day than Senator Proctor. He keeps up a lively interest in the naval department, of which he was at one time secretary. The growth of the navy since that time has furnished one of the romantic phases of our national history. On Christmas eve a greeting was sent by wireless relay from Washington to Guantanamo, the naval station in Cuba, and a reply received. In fact, every naval officer in all parts of the world received a Christmas greeting by telegraph from the naval department.



IF seeing the Capitol were a play in three acts, the house would furnish the first act, the supreme court the second, and the final act would be in the sedate senate. More stately than ever it has been since Vice-President Fairbanks took that historic bit of ivory between his thumb and first finger and rapped on his desk for order, and he insists on having it, too. There is an air of dignity which is befitting a distinguished, deliberative, law-making body. The routine business goes through with the regularity of the lines spoken in a play. There are always the same answers and the same responses, given with that particular inflection and formality peculiar to various moments of the session,—and never is there a cue lacking. These formalities soon pass, as the more exciting propositions come up, and the senate prepares for a tilt of words.



IT is William Alden Smith of Michigan who has his ear close to the ground

awaiting a senatorial calling. He spent the Summer in Europe, like many another member of the house—utilized vacation days in travel. The Congressional Record this session ought to be filled with interesting reminiscences of "What I Saw This Summer," with full reports from the Orient and the Occident. Mr. Smith talks entertainingly of meeting Kaiser Wilhelm on September 2, 1905. The emperor expressed his appreciation of the work of President Roosevelt in reference to the treaty of Portsmouth, and insisted that all credit for this achievement was due to the president of the United States. The emperor is keenly interested in things American, and discussed in fluent English the prosperity of our republic. The imperial presence seems to have been very impressive to Mr. Smith, and all throughout the German empire the popularity of the emperor was the one fact that especially attracted his attention.



THIS seems to be a season for engagements and the introduction of brides to Washington society. One of the most charming and beautiful ladies presented in Washington recently is the bride of Senor Felipe Pardo, the new Peruvian minister, who was married November 5 and arrived on December 21 in Washington; Senor Pardo is a brother of the president of Peru and belongs to the "civil party." He is the son of a former president, the late Don Manuel Pardo, and was educated at the Institute de Lima, which was founded by his father. He possesses a B. A. degree from the University of San Marco at Lima. He took an active part in the Peru-Chili war, and at the close of the contest devoted himself to the cultivation of a large sugar estate owned by his family. He is a man of marked executive ability and has traveled extensively, is regarded as an excellent judge of horses and is interested in out-door

sports. It is understood that he desires to turn some of our American capital and energy into the development of the remarkable natural resources of Peru. His bride is the daughter of Don Enrique Barreda, a capitalist of Lima. She is about eighteen years of age, and even in a land of beautiful women was regarded as a great beauty. She is already a social favorite in Washington, and Senor and Senora Pardo are regarded as a decided addition to the society of diplomatic circles.

SENATOR Hale of recently related an incident in the cloak room of the senate which indicates that he has not experienced a change of heart in reference to the Philippine question. He was at the White House on that eventful night when the memorable message was sent to Admiral Dewey which read: "Proceed to Manila, and destroy the Spanish fleet,"—no further orders were given or implied. The senator laments that four words were not added, thus: "Destroy the Spanish fleet, *then return to Hongkong.*" He declares the addition of these words to that despatch would have saved the nation a great deal of money and relieved it of the serious problems which have since grown out of the insular question. Senator Hale "is of the same opinion still," as when he took his place with Senator Hoar at that critical time of protest against insular expansion.

Senator Hale has been put forward as the leader of the dominant group in the senate, relieving Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. The old Pine Tree state always has a high place in the councils of congress—Blaine, Reed, Dingley are recent examples of the masterful quality of "State of Maine" men.

ONE of the most charming tributes I have ever heard to friends of boyhood was paid by Senator Allison the other evening, when he recalled his



REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH BABCOCK OF WISCONSIN

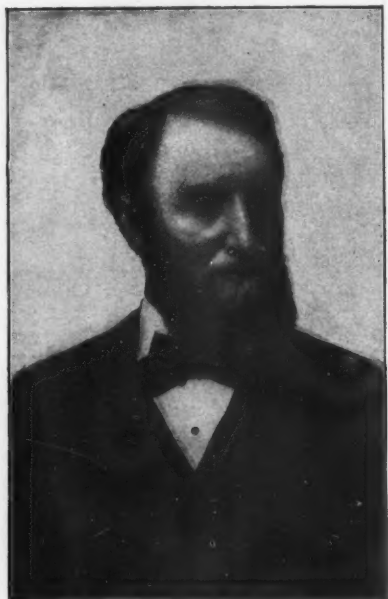
Photograph by Olin Edinast

youthful days in Ohio with the Studebaker boys. It was a stern struggle for a livelihood in those times, and the senator remarked that it was apparent even in early boyhood that the Studebaker brothers would become a power in anything they might undertake. Each brother seemed to back up the other, whether the occupation was gathering walnuts, picking up old tin kettles or working in the blacksmith shop.

"They were sturdy fellows," said the senator, "but the wonderful success

achieved by them in after years in building up the great Studebaker establishment at South Bend, Indiana, surpassed even the wildest dream of those days."

The fundamental reason for the success of this great institution may be stated in one word—thoroughness. Even in the early days Studebaker stood for that word in all its meaning. When one of the boys undertook a task he felt that not only his own honor was involved, but



SPEAKER "JOE" CANNON AT THIRTY-SIX

also that of his brothers and father and mother, to whom they were devotedly attached. In after life they met some great problems, but were equal to every emergency, and the history of wagon-making in America will not be complete unless a prominent place is given to the Studebaker establishment.

During the later years it was a great pleasure for the senator to meet these friends of early youth and look upon

what had been accomplished through the sturdy self-reliance and perseverance of the boys who never shirked a responsibility and never betrayed a trust. Today this great establishment is a monument to the memory of the brothers who remained to the end of their lives not only brothers in name, but brothers in business and in spirit and in the fulfillment of their life mission, inspired by a mother's love and confidence. The visitor traversing the continent and looking out from his car window on this great wagon manufactory, will remember that from this center wagons are sent to all parts of the world. These wagons have crossed the American plains and trekked across the veldt of Africa. Here are also manufactured automobiles and the latest designs in phaetons and other vehicles. Thousands of carriages bear the name of Studebaker, synonymous with thorough workmanship, whether it be the farmer's wagon or my lady's brougham. The carriage in which President Lincoln rode to his inauguration was made by the Studebakers and is still well preserved.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his poem of "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," possibly he had in mind the quality of the manufacture put forth from year to year and sent all over the world by the brothers who took counsel with Senator Allison, the Grand Old Man of Iowa, as to the best way to make a "go-cart" that would seem "really and truly" a wagon,—the wheels went 'round

It was a gloomy day in Washington when Secretary Root came to his decision in reference to the fate of the Isle Pines; as one gentleman who had lived there remarked:—"It will take something more than the repressive influence of a state document to make Cubans out of the Americans who feel that they have occupied the island with the understanding that it was not included as a part of Cuba in the treaty of Paris."



TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY OF DETROIT, THE NEW
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

The question may yet be pretty thoroughly discussed and agitated during the present session of congress, for it is difficult to quench the spirit of annexation when it has been permitted to get aglow. This agitation has cost Mr. Squiers his position as the United States' minister to Cuba; and, if the general gossip amounts to anything, this is not the end of the talk about the Isle of Pines and Cuba. The feeling seems to be that Cuba will have to demonstrate her rights in the premises, for the United States has as yet utilized but two of the

four naval stations which were provided for in the treaty. It is not altogether a wild prediction to suggest that we may soon see a naval station located on the Isle of Pines, and the general feeling is that this would be almost equivalent to annexation,—in fact if not in name.

SOME people make a hobby of butterflies, but I thought I would devote my attention for a while to presidential bees. There are some in Washington. In the state department there were indications of a Root buzzer; at the

treasury department there seems to be a whole hive of the Shaw variety, while there is a buzz in the senate chamber which indicates that something is under way in the shape of Fairbanks bees. Then back again to the war department, where, behind the frowning rampart of cannons and crossed sabers, the Taft species of bee is to be found. Altogether it seems as though a very alert apiary of presidential bees is collecting, and the curious thing is that the most of them are hiving right in the presidential cabinet. It is quite apparent to even a casual observer that the example of the busy bee "that gathers honey all the day, from every opening flower," is not entirely overlooked.

Although the opening overture of the presidential campaign of 1908 is still afar off, yet there is a busy-ness and a buzziness about Washington which indicates that there will be some good presidential honey stored away before the delegates are hived.

WHILE the executive office may be the great reservoir of important news of the day from Washington, there are few departments in which the importance of the work of the newspapermen is more felt—though they may linger about the corridors waiting, like Macawber, for "something to turn up"—than in the treasury department and the department of justice. There is not always a heavy budget of news from these centers, but when it does come it is often of vital import. Every move in the machinery of these great departments is of importance to the business and industrial interests of the country. It was remarked by a well-known business man recently that the steadiness and stability of the business world today was largely due to the intelligent and keen comprehension of American commercial conditions at the treasury department in Washington.

Over in the superseded brownstone residence which has been transformed into a department of justice, Attorney-General Moody is spending busy days. This is Uncle Sam's law office, and it has not been necessary to hang out a shingle—so to speak—to indicate where the attorney-general resides. A simple flag floats over the house, and in the corner room, at a broad, flat desk, with a dimple in his cheek and a wrinkle in his brow, the attorney-general is deeply engrossed in the great mass of evidence which is pouring in upon him from all directions. I was surprised to learn that the attorney-general has failed to put up the familiar sign current at New England grocery stores, "No Trust Here." This sign goes up bravely on January 1, but is lost and forgotten by July.

While the office may not have the quaint picturesqueness of the old Law Courts in London, where the wheels of Great Britain's justice revolve, yet the visitor cannot mount the steps and enter the dark corridor without feeling that he is in a place where, in the classic phrase of the times, there is "something doing"—or going to be done.

A feature in a visit to the Austrian embassy was a pleasant chat with a secretary who called attention to the fact that the distinction between Washington and the European capitals is the almost entire absence of precedent in the first, and the absolute rule of precedent in the latter. The American craves something new, something which suggests change, if not innovation. Even some of the old, prized customs are gradually fading away and official etiquette is becoming more and more a matter of common sense or individual impulse, rather than a matter of form handed down to us by tradition or official functionaries.

"THE WORLD FOR CHRIST"

MISS CRAWFORD TRACES THE REMARKABLE GROWTH OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, SINCE ITS BIRTH IN PORTLAND, MAINE, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By Mary Caroline Crawford

CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



REVEREND F. E. CLARK, D. D., FOUNDER OF
THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION

THE old adage about great oaks and little acorns was never more interestingly illustrated than in the case of the Christian Endeavor movement, which celebrates its first quarter-century of existence early in February. From a little band of young people, come together for tea and a talk afterward, at the home of their pastor in Portland, Maine, has sprung a strong but flexible

organization embracing more than three millions of people and formed into more than sixty-six thousand societies. Almost fifty thousand of these societies are in the United States and Canada, over ten thousand in Great Britain and Ireland. But if it is impressive to think that sixty thousand Christian Endeavor societies now assemble weekly in English-speaking lands as a result of that modest beginning in Portland, Maine, it is even more interesting, it seems to me, to note that in Africa there are 225 societies, in Brazil sixty-two, in Bulgaria fifteen, in China 350, in Finland nineteen, in Hungary thirteen, in Russia ten, in Sweden 148, in Hawaii fifty-four and in India 567, which gladly acknowledge similar origin.

There must have been something quite uncommon in a little gathering that could bear such fruits as that. Much more than ordinary zeal for good works must have inspired the pastor who could plan a charter society of such promise and potency! As a matter of fact both these things are true. The soil was rich and the sower of the seed a man of remarkable endowment. Dr. Father Endeavor Clark—as he is lovingly called through a pun on his initials F. E.—possesses such magnetism, such moral integrity

and such sweet spiritual insight as, through all the world's history, has marked the leaders of great onward movements. The fact that he was the pastor of the church sufficiently accounts, perhaps, for the quality of that initial band of Christian endeavorers. In his own account of the first meeting he says quite distinctly that the company which gathered in his parsonage parlor February 2, 1881, consisted of average young people, as bashful, as timid and as retiring as any similar company probably. Not one among them was unpleasantly precocious. The whole room did not contain a prig imbued with the smug consciousness that he was "not as other men." They were just such active, energetic, fun-loving young people as can be gathered in any church today. Nor was there anything about them to indicate that they, more readily than any other youthful group, would subscribe to the rather rigid document Dr. Clark soon presented to them. In truth, a considerable and painful silence fell upon the meeting when the constitution, with its serious provisions, was proposed. But the pastor was not on this account disposed to strike out those provisions. From long and earnest thought he had decided that what the church needed was not more pink teas and oyster suppers, with which to allure young people, but a higher ideal for organized work, a nobler conception of what Christian manhood and Christian womanhood should mean, a translation into twentieth century life and activity of that impulse by means of which Peter the Hermit long ago organized the Crusades—and so changed the geography of Europe.

The document which the young minister of the Williston church at Portland, Maine, brought down from his study to be signed that evening proposed that a society be formed "to promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaint-

ance and to make them more useful in the service of God." In the constitution it was specified that there should be a president, vice-president and secretary; also a prayer meeting committee, lookout committee, social committee, missionary committee, Sunday school committee and flower committee, each consisting of five members. These committees were then, as now, to be important agencies of service. But at the beginning, as now, the pivotal clause of the constitution was that which stated, "It is expected that all the active members of this society will be present at every meeting unless detained by some absolute necessity *and that each one will take some part, however slight, in every meeting.*" This was the clause which gave the young people pause. These strict provisions were more than they had bargained for. Yet before they went home that frosty evening they had one and all signed the pledge, thus justifying their pastor's deep conviction that it is in the appeal to higher rather than lower ideals that true success lies.

Cotton Mather, it is interesting to note, was stirred two centuries ago by precisely this same conviction. In a very rare pamphlet, published in 1724, and entitled "Proposals for the Revival of Dying Religion by Ordered Societies for that Purpose," there is outlined very much the same scheme as that which Dr. Clark set forth to his Williston church friends. "If the churches had then been ready," Dr. Clark himself comments, "to welcome and foster such an agency, who knows but the Endeavor movement might have been begun five generations before it did." The church was not ready in Cotton Mather's day, however. Moreover, such a movement as Christian Endeavor could not have flourished with a Mather instead of a Clark guiding it. Cheery belief in the young and in their inherent wholesomeness is an intrinsic part of Dr. Clark's

personality. It has availed to make him a man fit to father a sanely spiritual movement around which young people eagerly rally.

Born of New England parentage (September 12, 1851,) and early orphaned, the founder of Christian Endeavor was adopted as a lad by his uncle, Reverend E. W. Clark, who took him to Claremont,

thirty years old when he founded the society which now binds together millions of enthusiastic young people. The only other pulpit Dr. Clark has ever filled regularly was that of the Phillips church, South Boston; a charge which he held between 1883-7. Since then he has devoted all his time to the Christian Endeavor movement. Fittingly is it



PARLOR WHERE THE FIRST C. E. U. WAS ORGANIZED

New Hampshire, to live. The boy's education was gained at a typical New England academy and at Dartmouth, that sturdiest of New England colleges. While a theological student at Andover Seminary, young Clark married Harriet E. Abbott of that town and hence proceeding, as soon as he had been graduated, to the pastorate of the church in Portland already alluded to. Dr. Clark, it is significant to observe, was only

proposed that this quarter-century anniversary be celebrated by the erection of an international headquarters building which, beside providing offices for the society and its publications, shall serve as a memorial to Francis Edward Clark, its founder and best friend.

To the manly charm of Dr. Clark's personality is undoubtedly due in large measure the dignity and efficiency which has become the distinguishing charac-



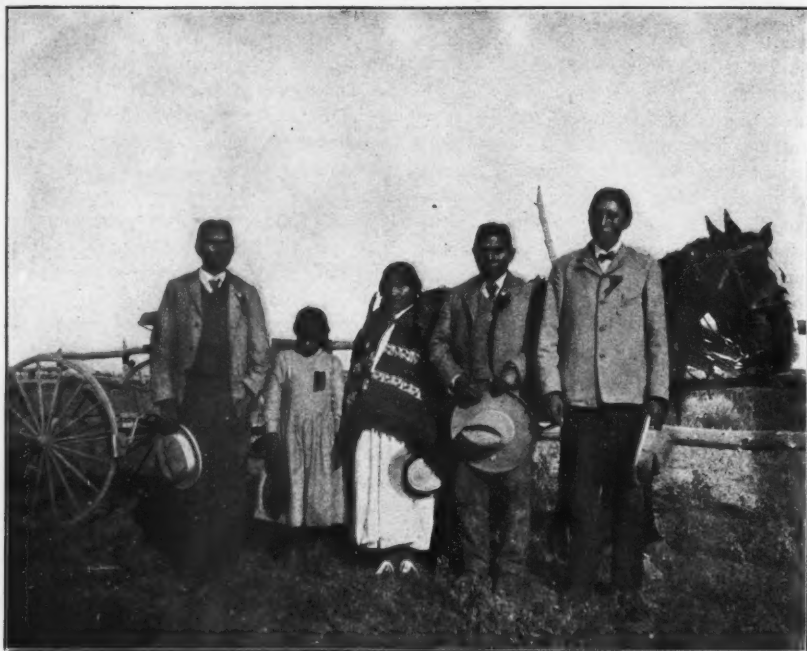
A GROUP OF JAPANESE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

teristic of the Christian Endeavor movement. Sentimentalism is almost entirely absent from the meetings and the men connected with this work. The Christ ideal of the Endeavorer is not the pale and emasculated model of the early Italian painter, but the ruddy, virile Christ of modern German art, a Christ who could make a scourge of fine cords and, when occasion demanded, use it vigorously. Thus, life-saving men accustomed to the hardships of the sea and to its storms; sailors who know as few others can the gilded temptations of the great city; New York policemen who are daily brought face to face with the dry-rot of graft and the deadliness of vice in its every form, all these no less than the college graduate, burning with young desire to make the world better, find in Christian Endeavor exactly that which suits their needs. With its three societies, Junior, Intermediate and Young People's, all of which are interdenominational and may be of any size from five to five hundred, Christian Endeavor offers an organizing opportunity such as the church has never before known. That it truly fills a great need, one has only to examine its manifestations and read a few of the testimonials volunteered by leaders in the world of thought to believe. Lord Curzon, when viceroy of India, once told a friend that he was much interested in Christian Endeavor and felt that it had a large mission in that empire. That good man, William McKinley, said of it, "I like Christian Endeavor because Christian Endeavor makes character. I like it because it makes Christian character, and there is no currency in this world that passes at such a premium anywhere as good Christian character." As for President Roosevelt, his opinion of Christian Endeavor during the quarter-century of its existence is that it has been "far-reaching in its effect for good. To make better citizens, to lift up the standard of American manhood and

womanhood," he continues, "is to do the greatest service to the country. The stability of this government depends upon the individual character of its citizens. No more important work can be done—important to the cause of Christianity as well as to our national life and greatness."

In the future, very likely, the societies will turn their attention even more than they have done in the past to the Christian-citizenship phase of their work. At the convention of twenty thousand Christian Endeavorers, held in Baltimore last Summer, one of the leading addresses was that made by Honorable Charles J. Bonaparte, now secretary of the navy, on "Politics and Religion." This paper was a careful exposition to those thousands of young people, of the truth that good government in America is essentially a moral question and therefore a religious one. When we speak of "pure politics," Mr. Bonaparte urged, we mean politics guided and controlled by sincere, scrupulous and unselfish men. The politics of any community can be "purified" only by leading such men to engage in them and driving other men out of them; and each of us aids in the "purifying" process when he tries to render a political career attractive to our best citizens and does what he can to make the worst gain a living otherwise. The number of citizenship classes already in existence has increased appreciably since that address was delivered.

But however the energy generated by Christian Endeavor may express itself, the central idea of the movement is and must always remain a spiritual one. Flower committees, social committees, hospital committees, citizenship committees and many more there may be, but a weekly gathering of a religious nature there *must* be. Let us drop in at one of these to see the thing exactly as it is, no one knowing that we are there to "write an article," every-



UTE INDIANS ON THE WAY TO A COLORADO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION CONVENTION

body therefore quite simple, natural and unconscious.

The place was the vestry of the Park street church on Boston's Brimstone corner; that church in which "America" was first sung; to which Adirondack Murray once drew enormous crowds; the church, too, whose beautiful Sir Christopher Wren steeple makes the vista from the long mall of Boston Common a delight to every eye and for whose preservation every modern Athenian of us clamored long and loud when it was proposed, a few years ago, to sell the property, raze the edifice and erect in its place a mammoth building devoted to commercial uses. This, then, was the church whose Christian Endeavor society—because it makes no claims to size or attractiveness, because it is in the heart of a great city and, from its

very situation, should afford variety of membership—was selected for observation.

The meeting was at half-past six Sunday evening, the favorite time for Christian Endeavor gatherings the country over, and the room the church vestry, also the usual gathering place. I slipped into a seat near the door, thinking to remain unnoticed, but immediately a young man handed me a hymn-book open to the selection then being sung. I decided afterward that he must belong to the lookout committee, whose business it is to see that the finest kind of hospitality is exercised toward all who happen in at meetings.

At first the large, low room struck me as rather cheerless, but after I had taken into account the impressions made upon other than the sense of sight, I decided



ENDEAVORERS ON THE UNITED STATES CRUISER CHICAGO

that, far from having a dreary effect, this place was one in which it was very good to be. For the singing was hearty, the faces of the men and women present bright with hope and brotherly love, and the tone of their remarks, when the time came for discussion, stimulating and uplifting. The special topic of the evening was Thanksgiving, because of the proximity of that great national festival.

The good-looking young man who had handed me a hymn-book was the first to contribute his share to the meeting. (Every Christian Endeavorer does something, you remember, to make the hour of interest and profit to all.) He began by pointing out the significance of the festival at hand. "The Puritans were not an effusive people," he said, "and that they had little, from our point of view, for which to be thankful, we well know. Yet they appointed this day and

we cannot do better than observe it in the spirit they brought to it. I myself like Benjamin Franklin's way of passing on good. When anybody returned to him a loan he had made, he promptly sought another opportunity to do good with the money. Let us bring down, next Tuesday night, something the year has brought to us, that our missionary may have an abundance to distribute among the poor of Boston on Thanksgiving Day."

Scarcely had he taken his seat when a pretty girl arose and declared, with much feeling, that she was very thankful for the Christian Endeavor meetings of that church. Two years before she had chanced to come there at a time when she greatly needed such help as these meetings give. It had all meant very much to her, she said. Now, to a conservative Episcopalian, the note of per-

sonality in this last was a bit jarring. But who was I to say that such testimony does not do good? Moreover, there was much less of talk *about* religion than of appeal to translate religion into service.

"I, for one, am thankful for my country," an alert, handsome young man now sprang up to say. "During this past week, as I have been reading of the state of affairs in Russia, I am more and more grateful that I am an Amercian. There may be things wrong with our country, but we young people intend to hammer away at them until we make them right. Shall we not all rise and sing 'America?'"

When the stirring strains of our national anthem had died away, a lusty old man with an ingratiating Scotch accent got on his feet to draw a lesson from the discovery of the engineers at Panama that it is first of all necessary to "stem the tide." "We, too," he said, "must 'stem the tide' of wickedness in our country. The Society of Christian Endeavor is a drill ground," he declared, "where thousands are learning the importance of active service. Let us learn also how to stop things that are wrong."

The last speaker was a fair-haired boy with the face of a dreamer, who talked, with such vehemence as brought a hectic flush to his pale cheek, of the thankfulness we all should feel that America has, during the past year, contributed so markedly to the cause of peace; that the Christian gentleman who is at the head of our government saw and so happily siezed the psychological moment for intervention between Russia and Japan.

And now, the hour having drawn to a close, all the members rose and repeated together the pledge of loyalty with which every Christian Endeavor meeting concludes. I looked eagerly into their faces as they passed out. There was almost an equal number of men and of women, and the counte-

nances of each and every one of them reflected

"The light that never was on sea or land;
The consecration and the Poet's dream."

More than once as I had listened to the John Wesley hymns sung during the evening and followed the Bible reading of the leader, (who also carried the singing with her sweet soprano voice) my mind reverted to those interdicted meetings over which John Bunyan used to preside and from which he was dragged forth to write "Pilgrim's Progress." Yet these young people are emphatically of the twentieth century. One or two of them had bulky Sunday newspapers protruding from their overcoat pockets!

Undoubtedly the popularity of Christian Endeavor comes largely from the fact that it is a movement within the church. Professor Amos R. Wells, the genial editor of the Christian Endeavor World, and the author of a number of manuals dealing directly with this movement and its activities, recently interviewed eighteen hundred ministers of thirty-nine denominations as to the efficacy of Christian Endeavor and the degree of success with which it is fulfilling its mission as a training school for church membership. These clergymen testified almost as one man that the Christian Endeavor movement marks a decided advance in Christian work among young people, that its meetings are well attended, enthusiastic and spiritually uplifting, and that the training it gives in church activities is of inestimable value.

But though the primary object of this movement is spiritual, it has many good works to its credit. A group of Endeavorers in Indiana recently raised in ten minutes \$103 with which to buy a horse for a missionary in Cuba whose faithful animal had died, thus forcing him to make his long journeys on foot. Here in Boston some Endeavorers circulated a petition requesting a large new depart-

ment store to cease selling liquor; the request was granted as soon as the store heard of the petition. Camp Christian Endeavor on Staten Island has for twelve years now provided ten days of country each Summer for over three hundred poor children. Very many societies maintain coffee rooms; others have endowed ice-water tanks, still others place good literature where it may divert and uplift—in stations, in barber shops and

and teach the blind children of Marash a way out of the darkness that engulfs them.

This mention of Christian Endeavor in far-off lands brings us to a fascinating branch of the subject, that which has to do with what may well enough be called world-wide Christian Endeavor. Space is lacking to go into this, but readers who are interested cannot do better than to send to the society's headquarters in



HINDOO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

HOLDING AN OPEN-AIR MEETING ON THE FAMOUS DINDIGUL ROCK IN SOUTH INDIA

in small boxes attached to park benches. Still another practical service lies behind the report, "Bought a quarter-acre of land adjoining public school; graded and improved it for the children." Perhaps the most touching service to be recorded is, however, that of Endeavorers in Marash, Turkey, who painfully saved enough money to send a blind member to Ooraf, there to be taught to read in order that he might come back

Tremont Temple, Boston, for the entertaining little volume in which Dr. Clark has recorded his experiences while journeying around the globe in the interests of this wonderful work. His trip covered about thirty-nine thousand miles, and more than twelve nations were visited. Addresses were made, largely through interpreters, to the number of three hundred and fifty, in more than twenty different languages. The result of all

this was the rousing to a high pitch of enthusiasm and activity Christian Endeavor forces in all the foreign countries visited, and proof that just as Christian Endeavor is applicable to all denominations so also is it applicable to all nations and races of man.

In India, whose first society is now eleven years old, aggressive work for the cause is being constantly done by native Endeavorers, who preach in the noisy streets by means of a megaphone, visit the hospitals regularly and advance in all possible ways this movement which is so dear to them. Two Christian En-

on Dindigal Rock, so named from a legend that long ago, when a huge serpent was menacing the city, there came a great giant called Dindi, who, at the request of the people hurled this rock at the serpent and killed it.

In Japan there have been Christian Endeavor conventions for fourteen years now. The work there is under the direction of a samurai who was educated in this country and in England. A very bright Christian Endeavor magazine is published in the native language, and the empress is so interested in the organization that she recently sent a gen-



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HEADQUARTERS, AT BOSTON

deavor papers are now published in the native language of India! No wonder Lord Curzon recognizes in this society an important agency of civilization. At the last South India Christian Endeavor convention an open-air meeting was held

erous gift to aid in its work for the soldiers and sailors injured in the late war.

In whatever country and under whatever conditions these Christian Endeavor conventions are held, they are inspiring occasions. Their size is astounding.

Here in Boston we still remember with awe that convention which brought almost fifty-seven thousand registered delegates to the city to hold meetings that crowded Mechanics Hall and overflowed into two immense tents pitched upon Boston Common. In Berlin, last Summer, the attendance reached more



AMOS R. WELLS, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD

than six thousand, delegates being present from all parts of Europe. For the next all-European convention, to be held in Geneva, Switzerland, next July, in connection with the World's Christian Endeavor convention, thousands of Ameri-

cans will for the first time cross the ocean.

For the benefit of those among us who may not be at Geneva, however, I want to show Christian Endeavor as it looked to one impressionable and sympathetic journalist during last Summer's Baltimore convention: "Christian hosts flocked to the opening session with hearts attuned to the melody of the moment and souls alive to the greatness of their cause. The huge hall, beautiful and gay with its graceful drapery of many hues; its fluttering flags and waving banners, its gleaming emblems of city, state and nation; its inspiring, all-embracing motto, 'The World For Christ,' in bright white letters high above the throng, was a fitting frame for the great gathering within.

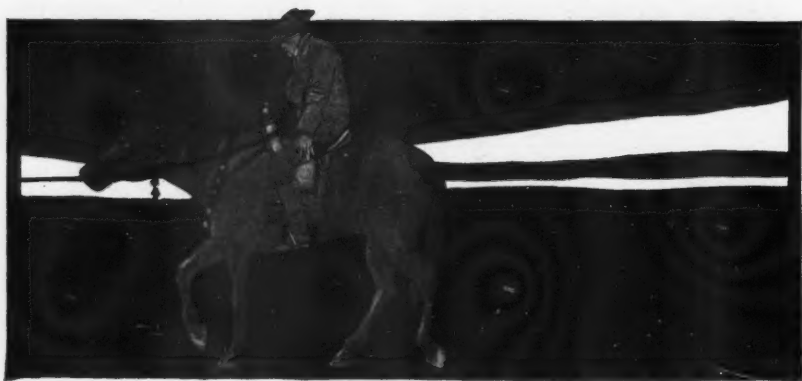
"Men and women and children of all nations sat on the stage and in the big body of the hall. Young and old, grave and gay, the strong and weak, mingled together, sitting on the rough chairs, singing shoulder to shoulder, cheering with the vim of soldiers on the firing line and simultaneously bowing their heads in silent prayer. Permeating the whole assembly was the wonderful Christian Endeavor spirit which has caused the influence of that small band of earnest young men and women who formed the nucleus of the present organization to spread the whole world round, until there is not now a civilized country where the work and the meaning of the society are not known."

The wonderful Christian Endeavor spirit! That, after all, is the secret and the explanation of this whole movement.

RESPECT Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews;
I adopt each theory, myth, god, and demi-god;
I see that the old accounts, bibles, genealogies, are true, without exception;
I assert that all past days were what they should have been,
And that today is what it should be — and that America is.

— Walt Whitman. ("With Antecedents" 1860.)

A MISADVENTURE IN THE CAMPAGNA



By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "For the Pleasure of His Company," etc

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

WE were seven. We had been diligently breaking the Sabbath—or rather Sunday; you know Christians can't break the Sabbath, which is the seventh day of the week—"and the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God"—see the third commandment in the Tables of the Law—so we had had a glorious time in the Alban Hills on Sunday, and our consciences were as free as air.

We had done the lakes to a turn—Albano and Neme—and the castles and the palaces and monasteries and churches and the vineyards where the laborers, dressed like satyrs with hairy, goat-skin trunks, were treading the wine press with bare feet that fairly danced among the bursting grapes.

Once we had come upon a troupe of

strolling tumblers and we went within the canvas enclosure that was open to the sky and were beguiled for an hour by the antics of an acrobatic family whose chief attraction was evidently not that of gravitation, for they would suddenly leap upon one another's heads and shoulders and there stay while they seemed to be holding each other down to earth, lest the airier one should float up into the clouds and be ultimately lost to view. As it was, the curious crowd in the dusty highway saw half the show for nothing—the upper half of it that went on above the top of the canvas screen. All the windows that commanded that small arena were stuffed with deadheads; and the slender, black-gowned novices in the seminary garden hung among the branches of the fruit

trees and were lost in admiration, fig leaves and wonderment.

O! the joy of life, of living, in that seductive Italy, where all Holy Days are Holidays and the cares of the world go begging!

We were seven, and we were each of us seven times as happy as if we had been only one. Over the vine-clad hills we cantered like cavaliers, clear into the heart of Frascati. There we dined as sumptuously as love and money and a wolfish appetite combined could dream of, hope for and accomplish. Now four of us, having finished the day in good form, retired like Christians and were seen no more of men.

Then followed one of those delightful, not to say delicious, Italian twilights, the very memory of which makes one homesick and heartsick for the past beyond recall. There was music in the piazza, and such music; everybody was humming it and swaying to the rhythm of it, and sometimes someone would forget himself and all the world beside and let loose such a tenor note as went soaring to the skies and was lost in a spontaneous ripple of sympathetic applause. Children of nature were we in those dear, dead days; and you know it is written "except ye become as little children"—and all the rest of it, that must make thoughtful grown-ups think twice and shudder.

Somehow we all drifted down, as if swayed by a still, small voice, and, like all voices that are still enough and small enough, it was irresistible and swept us toward the grand terrace that like a hanging garden commanded the rose-tinted prospect—the whole wide Campagna, even to the uttermost sea. There was Rome, the eternal, nestling in the middle distance, and the dome of St. Peter's, floating, a huge bubble, over the city and looking ready to rise at any moment, like an eclipsed moon, and take its everlasting place among the heavenly constellations.

Four from seven leaves three! There were three of us left who could not sleep for the joy of living. It was a "joy past joy" for us that day and no mistake. There was Romeo, the dramatic Italian who was engaged to his Juliet, and of course the stern parents objected to the match, that the words of the prophet might be fulfilled. She, alas! was not of our caravan. There was Alfredo, he of the countess-wife; she was rusticated at one of their villas and so he was alone with us. These worthies, who had more than once proved the fidelity of their friendship for me, and I, their guest, constituted a trio bent on fair adventure. They were bankers and money changers and their presence was necessary in Rome at an unseasonable hour of the morning following. It is all too true that we might have slept until the dawn broke in splendor upon the gilded turrets of Frascati and then been whisked back to the City of the Cæsars in no time by the first passenger train. This was quite too commonplace to be thought of for a moment. We returned to the piazza to deliberate over egg-shell cups of black coffee. The air was still vibrant with music; some fantastic feet were rhythmically marking the time—how could one possibly sleep at such an hour and place? When the last number of the concert had ended in a flourish of trumpets, we sprang suddenly from our seats and with one voice solemnly vowed that we would order our steeds and cross the Campagna at midnight, through fever and humidity unparalleled, in spite of brigands and the gnashing teeth of wolfish sheep-dogs, and the undiscovered black-holes that are scattered along the solitary road to Rome. This bit of bravado we thought an inspiration. No one we had ever known had cared to adventure in this wise. It would be something uncommon to tell of; something to think of as, in our declining years, we recalled the days of our youth; something perhaps to write of when the

pen was poised in deliberation and the ink in the ink-well was low. We put the question gravely, one to another, and it was carried unanimously.

There was a promise of starlight, the wonderful starlight of the soft Italian Summer nights, when the globulous planets hang in space at different altitudes like lamps in the Mosque of the Universe. There was a guide who proved to be not much of a philosopher and no friend at all, but who knew the trail with his eyes shut, and who was to relieve us of all further responsibility until he had safely landed us at the Lateran Gate of Rome. Everything was so easily arranged that it seemed all must go well with us. No premonition of evil caused us to hesitate a moment. We were about to finish the most delightful of outings with the most romantic of night-rides in the Campagna and to enter the City of the Soul radiant in the drapery of the dawn.

It was twelve, midnight, when we mounted. The bell in the campanile of some monastery in the hills was calling the friars from their pillows to prayer; the piazza was deserted by those who had been sipping sherbet at the little tables scattered about its edges; a few new-found friends who had supped with us stood by us to the last and we turned from them as they paused in the warm light of the cafe, the only light visible at that hour, and took our departure under a brisk shower of benedictions. The long road wound down the hill between high walls and terraced gardens. From time to time we passed the wayside shrines so common in Catholic countries; broad bars of light fell across our path, for there was ever a lamp lit by some faithful hand burning brightly at the feet of the Madonna. The way grew lonely. We set forth with songs, but our voices were lost in the immense, the eternal silence of that vast and vacant land, and we were soon hushed with awe.

We lighted our cigars and rode onward, making feeble efforts to enliven the hour with humor, but soon we relapsed into a more becoming mood and road onward like a quartet of mutes, listening to the clatter of hoofs upon the well-beaten road and the occasional snort of the horses as they sniffed the damp and chilly air that now ascended to us as from an open grave. We began to miss the welcome glow of the shrines, for in the almost measureless solitude of the Campagna, that prairie land of central Italy, there are few souls to set up their lamps; and it is not safe for one to be caught alone on the road after nightfall, even though bent on so gracious a duty as kindling a flame on the altar of divine love. By this time clouds covered the heavens from horizon to horizon; the air was heavy and black. We could not see our hands when we held them close before our eyes. The live coals at the end of our cigars were like so many fireflies floating in the air.

No one said anything now. We were all listening to the muffled hoofs of the horses as they fell lightly on the earth and to the champing of bits, and the jingling of the ornaments that dangled from the bridles; but we were listening for something beside these familiar sounds—something which we all dreaded and no one dared to speak of, for fear in the face or the voice of another increases one's own fear a hundred-fold. It came at last—that which we had all been secretly dreading; we recognized it the moment we heard it; it was unmistakable—a long, low growl afar off in the blackness of darkness—a long, low, wolfish growl that ended in a sharp and vicious yelp, followed by a chorus of howls and barks that chilled the very marrow in our bones. "Avanti!" cried our guide, as he plunged the spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed forward into the night. We followed as best we could, followed wildly, knowing not whither we went, but seeking to keep

within sound of the hoofs that now thundered upon the road like hail.

The wolf-dogs were upon us! The wolf-dogs — monsters that guard the flocks in the Campagna and are the terror of all pedestrians; for in their case escape is impossible and more than one mangled corpse has been found by the wayside of a morning, the partially devoured remains of some belated pilgrim whose only memorial is one of the small black crosses that are so frequent in some parts of Italy and which mark the spot where blood has been accidentally or unlawfully shed. I thought of the poor wretch who was overtaken by night and storm, alone in the Campagna, and who fled in terror before the wolf-dogs until he fell exhausted on the pedestal of a solitary shrine of the Madonna and was miraculously saved. It was a prayer and an intercession that preserved him, say some; it was the light that sparkled upon the tinsel decorations of the shrine and frightened the beasts, say others; at all events, that man was saved and at daybreak he went his way rejoicing, to spread the glad news of his deliverance.

We had no shrine in sight, no haven of refuge; there was no hope for us but in flight—we must fly like the wind and distance our pursuers. The air was filled with the hideous yelping of the infuriated pack, and the whole Campagna seemed alive with ravening monsters clamoring for blood. We plunged blindly into the darkness, relying upon the instinct of our horses to keep the road; once off it, we must have fallen into one of the ditches that follow it at intervals, or have driven full speed against the low walls that border some of the meadow lands, and in either case our destruction was inevitable.

Meanwhile another pack of dogs, awakened by the clamor, bore down upon our quarter and we were in danger of being intercepted; but with desperate haste we passed them just as they leaped the wayside wall and struck into the

road, gnashing their teeth with rage at the very heels of our horses. It was a mighty narrow escape. One desperate fellow was struck by the flying hoofs of my horse and knocked endwise, and then we saw, dimly, the gray, shadowy forms slacking their pace. Gradually the whole tribe retreated, the noise subsided and there came the most grateful season of silence that ever crept into my life. Oddly enough, even in the midst of our greatest peril, I was charmed with the extraordinary scene; it was fascinatingly mysterious; those gaunt, gray forms leaping in the dark were like the white foam-crests that are always visible in a tempestuous sea, and which at night, being faintly phosphorescent, appear and disappear like apparitions. They are the wolf-dogs of Neptune, insatiate devils, snatching at their prey.

It was after we had regained our composure, and were rather pleased at having had so narrow an escape, that the climax came upon us unexpectedly. We were riding slowly in Indian file, treading in one another's footsteps, as it were; I was in the rear of the procession, for my beast of burden was slow-footed and it was with difficulty that I could keep up with the cavalcade. All at once, without a moment's warning, everything went from under me, and with no time for a distinct sensation I found myself grovelling among loose stones, with my horse vainly striving to regain his feet at my side. The whole earth seemed to have sunk at that instant and out of the chaos that succeeded came fearful voices asking if I was hurt. I thought not, but before I could render this verdict a two-edged agony went corkscrew-fashion through my arm from the shoulder to the wrist and then returned to the elbow, where it shot out a thousand red-hot tendrils and struck root forever and forever.

We had no torch; fortunately we were well furnished with matches; a slow train of these feebly disclosed the humiliating

fact that the beast that bore me in triumph from the jaws of death and the mouths of the wolf-dogs had stepped off the edge of a low bridge, dropped about four feet into the bed of a dry creek, was skinned alive on his nigh side and pretty badly shaken all over. As for me, not being able to float in mid-air and dirigibly waft myself through space, I had followed my leader, struck out instinctively with my left arm—my right hand still firmly clutching the bridle-rein, which of course it should never have done—and promptly landed on the palm of my hand, a drop of perhaps eight or nine feet; the consequence was that the bones of the forearm snapped like pipe-stems, and I telescoped at the elbow in a highly original manner. You could have hung your hat on the end of something that stuck out of my elbow joint like a peg.

I have only a faint remembrance of what followed; it was like a horrible nightmare out of which it seemed as if I should never waken. I was tenderly assisted out of that valley of the shadow, a broken and a helpless thing; two handkerchiefs knotted about my neck did service as a sling—the arm could not be bent at the elbow, it must hang and sway at every step like a worthless and lifeless member. In pain unspeakable and with a sickening faintness, I was lifted into the saddle and we solemnly went our way.

O! the long, slow tramp over that lonely road; my horse led by the guide, I supported on his back by Alfredo and Romeo, reeling where I sat; it seemed as if at every step—though he went never faster than a snail's pace—my forearm must slip from the elbow socket, for it was hanging by a nerve only; and all the while I was consumed by a fiery thirst that was almost past endurance. Every moment was an hour, and each hour a day for me.

I remember we came to a wayside inn far out on the Campagna; that is, it

served the purpose of a wayside inn by daylight, but it was walled like a fortress and grated to the very eaves. By day its ponderous gates were opened wide and within its well-shaded court one was served with black bread and goat's-milk cheese and the small, ripe olives as black as sloes, and generous flagons of the good wine that needs no bush, for the fame of it was as broad as the Campagna. Had it been bad wine the cup-bearer would have been stilettoed on the spot. It was closed now, the *ostaria*, as welcome to the sight of the pilgrim as the khan in the desert; a flaming lamp swung before an image of the Madonna set high in a niche on the outer wall. We rapped upon the huge doors and awaited an answer; my heart leaped up in the hope of temporary succor. No answer came. Again and again we beat upon the doors of that inhospitable house and besought the master, for the love of God, to open to us and give us wine—and he would not. At last he spoke from behind the heavy shutters that only a catapult could shatter—they were bolted in his window far above our heads—and from his impregnable stronghold he bade us "go to" and leave him to his dreams. Alfredo and Romeo, in very choice Italian, had sworn by all the saints that we were friends, that ill fortune had befallen us, that one of us was crippled badly and that we were perishing for the refreshing draught of wine, and he should have gold for the price of it! Not another word could we drag from him for love or money. Poor wretch! no doubt he thought we were dissembling brigands and even feared to look out upon us, huddling there in the light that fell from the lamp of the Madonna; so we went creeping down the endless road with hearts that were fainting within us.

I know not what would have happened next had not someone given that cry of joy—"Listen!" We listened with all our ears. Far, far away, up the road

toward the Alban Hills, we heard the faintest chime of tiny, jangling bells, and we saw a light twinkling like a low-hanging star; the light drew nearer and nearer, the chimes grew louder and louder—it was as if a thousand little bells were dancing in the air. Then we knew that we were saved. There was the lantern swinging under the high wheels of the wine-cart on its lazy way to Rome.

How very slowly it approached, that delectable wine-cart; the driver was fast asleep, high up in his hammock-like seat over the wine casks; the old horse—he was a perfect carnival of bells—was scarcely dragging one foot after another; he stopped once in a while, having fallen asleep himself, but whenever he stopped the bells were silenced, and it was the silence and not the sound of them that wakened the driver, whereupon he would straightway crack his whip and roll out a volley of musical Italian oaths that sounded like "Gems" from Dante. We literally held up that defenceless driver and peremptorily demanded wine. He was frightened half out of his wits, but he was wide awake in a moment and rolled down to us from his lofty pile one of those slender casks that can be carried in the arms—and the contents sometimes in the interior of a man. Without more ado, I fastened my lips upon the bunghole of that cask and drank rivers of delicious life. I drank until there was not a nook nor a corner in my shattered frame but thrilled to the ecstasy of budding hope; and then I was tied together again and hoisted into the saddle and towed gently on to the daybreak gates of Rome.

At the Lateran Gate our guide, who had been about as entertaining as a guide-post, was seized with a nervous tremor which apparently made it necessary for him to speed back to Frascati on the wings of the morning. We could not detain him even for a cup of refresh-

ment; we did not care to. Somehow he had not won our love or confidence. With his herd in hand and his wage in a pouch at his waist, he dropped out of sight and mind while Alfredo and I stood in the chill of the dawn awaiting the return of Romeo, who had gone in search of a coach that was to bear me to my chamber of torture.

It had been decided that I was to be taken to Alfredo's apartment, adjoining the bank; his countess would not return to his bosom for some weeks, meanwhile I could rest there and be cared for while I listened to the murmur of the money-changers in the next room and philosophized upon the love of filthy lucre and the curse of gold.

It was five hours before the surgeons arrived to look upon the wreck of a once beautiful youth—or is my mind still wandering? Upon arriving at Alfredo's chamber—you might have seen at a glance that nothing short of a countess, with a banker to back her, could have transformed four Roman walls into such a bower of beauty—upon arriving, I repeat, my body was prepared for burial in that bed of pain. It was then discovered that my coat could not be removed in one piece; the sleeve had to be slit from wrist to shoulder; the process was not unlike that of popping a colossal pea-pod; shirt sleeves were likewise rent in twain and there lay the arm, the cause of all our woe; in size and shape and color it resembled a ripe watermelon. (It was placed between cushions of pulverized ice to reduce the inflammation; twice daily it was twisted in its socket to increase the inflammation and keep the broken bones from knitting in the wrong place. In a fortnight the inflammation had been frozen out and it was possible to make a careful examination and thereby discover that the bones in the immediate vicinity of the elbow were as mutable as a bag of beans. It was decided that the elbow should be unjointed twice daily until

such time as the combined wisdom of many medicos should decide that the arm was ripe for setting. I died daily, twice daily. I have read in both prose and verse of the pleasures of anticipation. No doubt there is something in it—the poet surely should be well informed—but much depends. For hours I lay in dread of the approaching footsteps of my executioners; I then cried to heaven for mercy; I was left in a fainting condition which, however, was not without its consolation, for I didn't seem to care what happened after that—until it was time to begin to watch the clock with fear and trembling and to hear the surgeons drawing near in the hallway with dismay.

How good the friends were to me! They sent their family physicians to examine me; out of the fullness of their hearts they fondly multiplied my pains. What were the horrors of the Inquisition to martyrdom like mine? All this was but the overture to the real tragedy—or let us call it melodrama—that was to follow.

The time came when I was carried to the operating-room and stretched upon the rack. It was a moment of intense interest when six medical men deluged me with chloroform and I sank into the bottomless abyss of unconsciousness and was held there for an hour and three-quarters while they tried to repair the damages that had well-nigh destroyed this image of their Maker. I don't know what they did, because the moment I came to I had forgotten all about it. I believe I was conscious of what they were doing while they were doing it, because I always yelled at the right time, when they were hurting me most. This has been the case in many operations which have come under my notice. In the administration of mandragora we but pilot the anguished spirit to another world where it must endure in silence that which wrung from it the cry of despair in this. Even the waters of

Lethe cannot quench the flames that consume a fevered heart.

As I gradually regained consciousness and saw figures hovering like shadows about me, there seemed a great silence in the place and I said feebly, "Are you not going to do something?" With one accord they turned upon me scornfully and cried: "Look out of that window!" I was assisted to the window and looked down upon the pavement. The narrow street for the space of many yards on each side of me was packed thick with an excited mob; a thousand eyes were turned toward me, eyes wide with wonder and inquiry. "You have been shrieking 'Murder' for an hour or more," added one of the attendants; and thus was I butchered to make a Roman holiday.

When I came fully to my senses I discovered that the fractured arm had been buried alive in a plaster of paris tomb, and there it was to lie until the judgment day, when the surgeons would resurrect it and I should find it as good as new, if not even better than ever. It is not pleasant for one of a nervous and imaginative temperament to find any member of his body stuck fast in a tunnel for an indefinite period. What added to my discomfiture was the fear that something might crawl in there out of reach and tickle me to death. I was never for a moment quite at ease lest this should happen and I have always wondered why it did not. It is true that my corps of surgeons, having dwindled to two or three Italians, now did what they could to make life once more worth living; they would trip lightly into my chamber, as if they were so many ballet dancers, and chirp in a kind of medicated falsetto—"Be gay! be gay!" I could not even think of being gay upon compulsion. Their affection of gaiety, though kindly meant and a cheerful enough example, I found depressing. They had even assured me with what little English they had at their

command that I could now "take a small walk in a carriage."

And this I did, driving with Alfredo and Romeo to the noble Basilica of San Giovanni in Laterano by the Lateran Gate, there on my knees to give thanks for what was left of me, for I could not forget how Alfredo had come to me, casually it seemed, and looking carefully at the arm while it was still a mass of bruises, said to me, "What is that?" I assured him it was a mole, my birth-right; that by it I was to be identified the world over; that I was the celebrated long-lost brother, of whom he must have heard and whose trade-mark was that imperishable blemish. He kindly laughed and joined the surgeons who were in the next room engaged in a spirited argument. Later, when the worst was over and all danger passed, he recalled the incident to my mind and then confessed that he had by the merest chance overheard the Italians, who were talking excitedly in their own tongue, and that they had resolved upon the discovery of this mole that mortification had set in and that the arm must be amputated immediately. They were upon the point of procuring their instruments when he revealed to them the secret of my lost-brotherhood.

When the arm was taken out of its plaster case I was supposed to have been healed. Then all that was necessary was to make the natural movements of the arm, and I was advised to do so at once. I tried and failed miserably; the fingers alone were capable of any movement whatever. As for the elbow—it might as well have been a knot in the branch of a tree. I was assured that naturally the arm had stiffened and that a little force would be necessary, and some patience and perseverance in the gradual manipulation of the unruly member. The force they applied at once, in an unexpected moment, and the wonder is that I live to tell the tale.

They argued that their reputation was

at stake and that the Italian movement cure was their only hope and my salvation. They would kindly come daily and help me to limber up; there seemed to be no other way for them or me. The arm, which was nearly straight and would not bend any more than a marlin-spike, was held out in front of me and then, in an effort to bring my hand in under my chin, one man would hold fast to the upper arm while the other two threw themselves bodily upon the lower arm, as if it were a horizontal bar and they were presently to do a double giant swing or perish in the attempt. I shrieked and fell. In two or three days I was a nervous wreck and had returned to my sleepless pillow.

That the Italian surgeon of that day was deeply interested in the study of anatomy I don't for one moment question. One of my surgeons was from the respected Hospital of the Holy Ghost. It was his pleasure to drop in on me at intervals with a little body of enthusiastic students. They gathered about my bed as if they were holding a post-mortem. The surgeon would draw from a case the articulated arm and finger bones of a skeleton. Poising this in a professional manner before my eyes, he would call the attention of his class to the beautiful specimen he held in his hand and compare it with my unruly member lying helpless on a pillow at my side, and I must confess that it was very greatly to the advantage of that portion of the late lamented that dangled before us.

He called a halt at last. The surgeons in a body—I was assured that I had had five of the best in Italy in 1874—were invited to go in peace. They went, by no means pleased with the obstinacy of their patient; and at parting, to show that they left me more in sorrow than in anger, they advised me to visit the slaughter-house and bathe in bullock's blood, believing that I might possibly receive some benefit from this

gentle if not appetizing treatment. Let me add here that the application of the X-ray has proved beyond a doubt that there was no possible help for me from the very first.

Aside from these haunting memories were there no roses strewed along my steep and thorny way through convalescence? Indeed, yes. Did I not lie within hearing of that quaint, babbling fountain in the Piazza di Spagna at the foot of the Spanish steps? and on the side of these steps was there not the house and the chamber in which the infinitely pathetic Keats breathed his poetic soul away? and were not friends new and old forever greeting me with floral and with fruit offerings and touching me to the heart with words of sympathy? and did not Alfredo's countess, overflowing with sweetness and broken English, return in haste and gaily punch the tired pillows and roll the infatuating cigarette and fill my temporary prison-house with the aroma of good fellowship? Was I not read to and sung to and played to from hour to hour? Did not the mechanical pianoforte wheel under my window day by day and render its repertoire of old Italian arias and languorous waltzes and the fantastic tarantella? Did not Michele, good and faithful servant, strum the guitar and pirouette in the most sprightly manner to his own music when I was sleepless in the small hours of the night, until I was dying of laughter and crying with pain? And were there not parlor fireworks set off in the most reckless fashion, for they were smokeless and noiseless and harmless? and were there not heaps of letters of congratulation, to say nothing of a sonnet written in my honor by a nameless admirer? and little gifts, besides, for it was the last day of my imprisonment and on the morrow I was to go forth with my arm in a sling, an object of interest, and no mistake.

Then there was so much to be thankful for; I might have been dead of a

broken neck, or living with a broken back, but I was not; it was fortunately my left arm, and not my right arm that was retired on half pay; it was my arm, which is after all easily carried about, and not my leg, which would have to be dragged after me and make me lop-sided for life. O! I was the luckiest of all men, it seemed to me then, and so it seems to me now. Nor did I ever before — or since — awaken so much interest in the eye of the public, the eye that is usually indifferent to the affairs of others in general. The lame, the halt and the blind, knowing that I had not the heart to refuse their importunities so long as I had a centesimo to my name, flocked to me like flies to a honey-pot. My sling, which I was compelled to wear for six months, was a badge of suffering honored by everyone who had ever suffered or who had ever loved a sufferer, and the limpid eyes of the young and fair grew misty as they were bent upon me and seemed to be whispering messages that lips might fear to utter.

O! there were compensations unspeakable and I had much to be grateful for.

One day Alfredo and Romeo and I drove over to Frascati to dine. We had been planning to do so for some time and had selected a twilight of ineffable beauty and an evening of moonlight such as ravishes the soul. We looked with straining eyes for the scene of my downfall; surely there must be a dent there somewhere, but we failed to identify it. There was the hospice of the inhospitable — formidable, forbidding as ever. The lamp still burned before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and we saluted as we passed. Over all the vast and echoless Campagna glimmered a golden haze of fireflies.

We were presented with the freedom of Frascati the moment our identity was discovered. It seemed I had a kind of unenviable fame there as having been the victim of a misadventure as inglori-

ous as it was inexcusable. The town gathered about us as we dined in the piazza. Many were the words of pity and condolence uttered within my hearing; many the imprecations hurled upon the devoted head of the poor fellow who was our guide on that memorable night. Where was he, we asked. O! he was incarcerated and serving time for having sacrificed another equestrian on the altar of that fatal saddle. And where was the horse? O! he had been relieved from active duty, but we could inspect him if it was our wish.

Anon he was led into our presence. "Strange," said Alfredo, with an air of perplexity, "strange that he should have been an accomplice in two similar fatalities. A horse can usually see well enough in the dark to keep from stumbling. Our animals certainly did."

"He must be blind," muttered Romeo, and then he exclaimed wildly, "Look at his eyes!"

I looked —

That beast had eyes like a couple of hard-boiled eggs!

THE BATTLE

By A. A. B. Cavaness

BALDWIN, KANSAS

NOW what was in the battle,
The sword, the bayonet,
The bugle-waking morning,
And after sun was set
Still throbbing out the surges
Of foot and cavalry!—
Ah, what was in the battle
That men had right to die?

Now what was in the battle
That brothers eye to eye
Flashed fiercer, deadlier lightnings
Than swept the darkened sky?
And who stood on a mountain
And saw the battle's light,
And read the cannon's thunder
And solved the bloody fight?

And was one banner guilty,
And one God's minister,
Was one of hell the emblem,
One heaven's interpreter?

Did justice win the laurel,
Did right fall in the scale—
What meant it to be victor,
What did it mean to fail?

Over the million sleepers
That breast to bullet fell;
Over the darkened hearth-stones
Of North and South, as well,
Who stands upon a mountain
And looks with certain eye,
And reads the sleepers' riddle:
"Which had the *right* to die?"

Nor yea nor nay forever!—
The mountain voice is dumb!
But aye the crimson river
That was the battle's sum,
And ever the battle's shadow
That piled against the sky,
Appeals to voiceless heaven:
"Why did the brothers die?"



"Sometimes, the pity of it is, these rules are unreasonable."



WHEN JILL

GOES TO BOARDING-SCHOOL

By W. F. Melton

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

BOARDING schools with strict regulations serve a good purpose in restraining the young (and occasionally indiscreet) and in holding their attention to the work that prepares for after-life. Sometimes, the pity is, these rules are unreasonable, or, if they are just, become so tightly drawn as to render Jill a dull girl; and, to be truthful, sometimes the real, natural longings of her imprisoned heart for liberty and love cause her to be mischievous.

It is not strange that a maiden, fresh from a home of mild restraint, and deprived of the soul-nurturing phrases of family tongue and neighboring pen, will resort to little tricks to get and to send messages which, to her, seem to be the most important affairs in the world.

Who is to be blamed for all this? The girl alone? Surely not. If Jill will thrust her hand through a candle-flame to receive a letter from Jack, he would risk it with the three Hebrew children in order to grasp a fragment of the reverse side of an envelope on which is penned or penciled or pin-stuck in that familiar hand, "S. W. A. K." (Sealed with a kiss.)

Without a doubt Jack will rise earlier, go farther and sit up later to make a fool of himself when Jill is away at boarding-school than Jill could ever

dream of. And if after some daring prank he can learn that she says he is "cute," he immediately remembers that he was born under a lucky star, and swears by the sun, moon and lotus blossom that there is no power in heaven, earth or boarding-school that can prevent his seeing her, or at least corresponding with her. And Jack is an honorable man!

These love-sick fellows, in the full possession of their God-given faculties, often worry the presidents and teachers so much that they beg for municipal and state enactments, hoping therein to find relief. In a certain Alabama town in the "City Code," page 167, section 408, is found:

"Any person who, without legal cause or excuse, enters upon or goes sufficiently near the premises of any college or school, within or adjoining this city, . . . who loiters or passes continually along the streets connected herewith and adjoining hereto . . . and disturbs the peace, quiet or tranquility of the occupants thereof, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Since this law does not specify schools for *females*, we may suppose that the authorities had in mind the protection of the boys of a near-by institution, in



"THE LOVE-SICK FELLOWS"

the event that the girls attempted to vex, worry or impose upon them.

In 1897, in the state of Tennessee, the solons really gave the matter much serious consideration. While the bill was passing the readings, many of the leading papers of the state discussed the matter playfully, referring to it as "The Johnnie Bill," but the act was passed March 17, and two days later signed by the governor, Honorable Robert L. Taylor.

The statute is on pages forty-four and forty-five of the "Public School Laws of Tennessee," and is, in part, as follows:

ACT FOR PROTECTION OF
FEMALE BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

An Act for the protection of boarding schools and colleges for females, and the principals and inmates thereof. (Italics mine. In the South an inmate almost invariably means an occupant of a hospital, asylum, or prison.)

Be it enacted, etc., That hereafter it shall be unlawful for any

person, or persons, to wilfully and unnecessarily interfere with, disturb, or in any way disquiet the pupils of any school or college for females in this state; . . . nor shall any communication be had, for such purposes, with such pupils, or any of them, either orally or in writing, or by signs or otherwise; and it shall also be unlawful for any person to enter upon any such school or college premises, except on business, without first having obtained permission of the principal of the same, etc.

Be it further enacted, That it shall be unlawful for any person, or persons, to loiter, wander, stand or sit upon the public roads, streets, alleys, sidewalks, or other places, or to frequently and unnecessarily pass along the same in such manner, or with intent, to annoy, vex or disturb . . . and harrass the teachers, principal or pupils, or any of them, etc.

The law-makers might have left out "pupils," for the passing, loitering, wandering, standing or sitting boys do not annoy, vex or disturb the girls. Those who are not interested pay no attention to the passer-by. The boy who lingers near does so, more than likely, because he is encouraged by the sad, smiling face of imprisoned Jill pressed close against the window pane.

It may not be a secret that some principals and teachers are too easily vexed. The average boy, knowing this, desires to see Jill all the more.

In a certain town two young men, who were strangers in the place, were passing in front of a boarding-school. One of them discovered that he had lost his glove. Looking back, he saw it some distance away. While he went for it the other waited. The president of the school, seeing the young man standing there alone, rushed out, watch in hand,

and confronting the astonished fellow, exclaimed:

"Sir, I will give you just one minute in which to leave these premises!"

The stranger took out his watch also and when the minute was up said calmly to the president:

"Sir, the time is up; what are you going to do about it?"

He had evidently discovered his mistake, for he smiled and replied:

"Why, I'm going back into the house, of course."

It is interesting to note some of the

first cousins to visit the girls without a written request from the parents. When such is the case, the number of relatives some girls have would astound an old-time Utahite.

A boy has been known to closely imitate the handwriting of a girl's father and to say:

"Please let our little Susie see an old playmate, between whose family and ours has long existed a friendly intimacy."

One shrewd young man borrowed an expressman's suit, and went to the school with a small, valuable package,



"FOR THE BOYS * * * DO NOT ANNOY, DISTURB
OR VEX THE GIRLS"

methods resorted to by the swains who feel that they are obliged to see or get letters to their bonnie lassies.

Green, fresh, new principals usually allow grandfathers, uncles, brothers and

which, he told the bell-girl, he was instructed by the agent to deliver to the young lady in person. Thus he placed in her own hands their engagement ring and received from her own lips the

words which preserved his life till Commencement.

He was a daring fellow who, every Friday afternoon, blacked his face, dressed as a laundress and carried a basket of "clothes" to the room occupied by his sweetheart and two of her confidential friends. Her laundry list always tallied exactly with the contents of the basket: "One pair of Huyler's, a dozen oranges, a box of cakes, chewing gum, peanut brittle," and to represent the soap, starch and blueing left over, "a bottle of pickles, a bottle of olives, and a package of snowflake crackers."

An ingenious youngster manipulated his kite so as to have the string pass near a third-story window. His skill was probably due to the reward offered. Jill grasped the situation and the string—and thereby hangs a note.

Somewhere there is a young lawyer who would fight if you were to say "Bluebird" to him. The college is located in the suburbs of a little city. On the left, and not far away, is an old peach orchard, through which the school girls pass on their afternoon walks, the vigilant teacher-in-charge leading the line. In exactly the right place stands a half-dead tree with a small hollow which served as a private postoffice box, in which Jill found and left a semi-weekly epistle.

One beautiful Spring morning, the president arose from his desk and paced restlessly up and down the room, trying to decide which of two special friends to invite to preach the Commencement sermon. He could not make up his mind. Through the open door of his office the fresh air brought him the odor of blooming violets. He would walk on the front porch awhile. The first time he reached the end farthest from his office, and just as he was turning, his attention was attracted by the fluttering and crying of a couple of bluebirds around the hole in the old peach tree.

"Ha! some cruel snake interferes with the innocent things!"

Arming himself with a cane, he hurried to the rescue.

"Heavens! what is this? Ah!—a letter! and—I'll declare,—some little speckled eggs!"

Poor, poor Jack! The letter said, in imitation of Schiller to Laura, "Thou art the native home of my heart! Away from you I am a scattered fragment! You have stolen my heart and left me a breathless statue! Mine ears are wild for the silvery notes which leave thy lips reluctantly!" But if Jill ever read it, it was in the second edition.

One afternoon some leaflets, advertising a coming circus, were thrown over a college gate. It was the hour for the front-yard promenade. The boy who carried the papers was one of those little fellows, common in all small cities, who knows everybody, but whose name is known by few.

A young man, who was not at all interested in the circus, had paid the lad a half-dollar to throw the papers over, on condition that he give a wink or a knowing look to a certain young lady. The boy declared, "I know her as well as I do you. She is the one that has such purty big brown eyes."

It chanced that she was sitting on the steps and caught the expression on the boy's face. She ran ahead of the other girls, picked up the papers and began distributing them, for they were allowed to read circulars and almanacs thus publicly distributed.

On the upper left corner of the big yellow circular that she retained, she noticed the dimly penciled words, "Wyksembict.—previous." Then along down the page, between the lines, she saw other strange combinations, in letters so small as to be scarcely noticeable.

The other girls were reading about the animals, the freaks and the chariot race.

She remarked, as though disgusted,



"THE GIRL GRASPED THE SITUATION — ALSO THE STRING."

"I care nothing about cheap shows," and crumpled the paper as if she would cast it at a passing dog, but slyly slipped it into her sleeve.

As soon as she could go to her room without feeling that she would arouse suspicion, she spread the sheet before her and worried for an hour trying to get some sense out of the letters, but all she could make out was plain enough already, "previous" and "set." She

was about to throw it aside as some piece of foolishness, when she fancied that the Qs were like Charlie's.

She tried again.

"Wyksembict.—previous.

"N-ffuw,—

"U biruxw rg-r tiy ok-xw tiye g-bsjwexguwda ub rgw qubsiq ri set. Ud tiy kicw nw twr, okw-aw ok-xw rgeww rgeww rinieeq: - k-xw ibw vwrqwwb rqí ok-ub ibwa. U kicw tiy



"THE ONE THAT HAS SUCH PURTY, BIG
BROWN EYES."

vwrtrw rg-b wcwe. Xg-ekuw."

After supper she recited her lesson in stenography and then went for the usual half-hour's practice on the typewriter.

The book of instructions for the manipulation of the machine lay open before her. Like a flash of unexpected lighting, it came into her mind that "Wyksembict" means Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, and her soul exclaimed, for another girl was in the room, "O, that means Remington typewriter!"

By some process which seems impossible to one who has never been a loved girl in a boarding-school, she divined the "previous" to mean that the writer had used each time the letter just before the right one. She feigned a headache, hurried to her room, placed the plan of the keyboard before her and traced it out.

Q W E R T Y U I O P
A S D F G H J K L
Z X C V B N M

Translated thus:

"MAGGIE:—I notice that you place your handkerchiefs in the window to dry. If you love me yet, please place three there tomorrow: a lace one between two plain ones. I love you better than ever. CHARLIE."

Next afternoon, three snowy handkerchiefs clung tenaciously to the window glass of Maggie's room, in such order as to make one young man feel as if he owned the entire world and held a thirty-days' option on the kingdom of heaven.

To be sure, it is sometimes mere love of adventure that causes a boy to appear so eager. A case is called to mind in which a young man met a girl of the boarding-school at a church festival early in the session. Every Saturday afternoon during the following seven months, when he was permitted by the military regulations of his school, he came to town and passed, going and coming, by Jill's school, just to get a bird's-eye view of her.

The commencement of the girls' school was a month earlier than the other. Jill came back, ostensibly to visit a school-mate, and notwithstanding the fact that she was absolutely free, she spent the festive week of a military school commencement without seeing Jack,—and he knew she was there. This example, however, is one among ten thousand and altogether deplorable.

When grown-up people recall the days of youth, or deliberately and seriously reflect upon the affairs of young life, they make allowance for a world of incidents which are not sufficient to vex, disturb, annoy and harass a teacher or a principal.

The struggle to attain the desirable and to escape the unpleasant is no more real in age than it is in youth.

Would it be too much to declare that Love and Hate are the two elements, Vishvamitra and the rejecting gods,

which keep this world, Trishanka-like,
in equilibrium?

Love is the thought that sweetens life
and paves the streets of heaven with gold.
Let the school-boy strive after it! Hate
withers the leaves of existence and rat-
tles the chains of darkness. Let him
who has the power avoid it!

The sour teacher, the Setebos,
molds one form into beauty and calls
it good; that which would only

seem to interfere is cast out as bad.

Good Mister Shakespeare, teach the
old the happy art of grouping the little
pictures of youthful life before a back-
ground of ripe experience!

"O love! when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
His first-breathed word, and her half-con-
scious blush,
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in
Spring."

BALLADE OF THE MIDNIGHT LAMPS

By Ernest McGaffey

Author of "Poems," "Sonnets to a Wife," etc.

LEWISTON, ILLINOIS

LIGHTS that shine on the dusky stone,
Bright through the town's unwholesome air,
Some from the top of towers lone
Some from the iron columns glare,
And others out from the windows flare
To rise and follow and fade again,
Or wander and waver here and there
Like will-o-the-wisps to the sons of men.
Shadows down from the buildings thrown
Bask on the fallow pavements bare,
Winds from the soaring spaces blown
Dip and pass over street and square,
And midnight ruffians homeward fare
As panthers slink to a distant den,
While twinkling lamps through the darkness stare
Like will o-the-wisps to the sons of men.
Outlaws here that the creeds disown
These who the half-world's tumult share,
Those in the gutters lying prone
Rough of feature and gray of hair,
And white the moon as the ghost of care
While pale as gleams from a pathless fen,
The lamps go beckoning far and fair
Like will-o-the-wisps to the sons of men.

Envoy

Prince of the realms of Black Despair
Souls you seek by these lures I ken;
For who but the Devil sets this snare
Like will-o-the-wisps to the sons of men?

PROSELYTES

By Arnold M. Anderson

NEW YORK CITY

MR. PROFFET labored along the dusty highway under the boiling sun; he carried his coat under his arm and every hundred yards he stopped under a shade tree to mop his expansive face and catch his breath—walking was no light task for one of his *avoids*. He was bound for the Nickerson place, where he sometimes spent his Sundays; his host had failed to meet him at the station with the two-seater, as was his custom, and Proffet had rashly undertaken to walk. The distance was scarcely a mile, yet to him that mile was torture. At length he arrived at the familiar gate and puffed up the driveway to the house, floundered up the steps and plumped down into a comfortable wicker chair on the veranda to recuperate before announcing himself. He was fanning his flushed face desperately when Mrs. Nickerson came out to him bearing a large glass of amber-colored refreshment with a chunk of ice tinkling in it.

"I saw you coming—and you walked!" she said in astonishment.

Proffet took the glass mechanically. "Thank you! Yes, I walked—but what—what has happened to you?" He was staring wonderingly at his hostess, who stood before him with a bandage around her head and her left arm in a sling.

"Not much to me—only a sprained arm and a bruise on the head. Oh, Proff! It was dreadful! Dreadful!"

"What on earth—"

"Dimple ran away with us! Tipped us out! Oh, it was dreadful!"

"Old Dimple ran away? No, no—and Nick? Was Nick hurt?"

"He's in bed. Two ribs and a collar-bone broken, and no telling what else. Oh, just to think that Dimple would do this after our driving her for twenty

years without an accident! It is too dreadful!"

Proffet gulped down his drink to fortify his nerves; he had forgotten all about his sweltering discomfort. "When did this happen?"

"Last night. That is why there was nobody at the station to meet you. Why did you walk? Johnson, the livery man, could have brought you up."

"Tut, I'm fond of walking—it is a little hotter than I thought, that's all. Let me go to see Nick. How is he doing?"

"He's cheerful, but I don't know—there may be internal injuries—I fell right on top of him! Oh Proffet, you know how I have always wished that I were a small woman—"

"As if that was your fault! Hadn't you better tell him I'm here?"

A few minutes later Proffet was seated at the bedside of his friend. "You look pretty badly shaken up, old man," he greeted him, solemnly.

"Bosh! What are a few broken bones?"

"It might have been—"

"To be sure it might, but it isn't, so what's the sense of crying about something that didn't happen. Cheer up, and for heaven's sake don't give me any of your mush!"

"All right. Do you suffer much?"

"I'm not exactly easy—clavicle broken—collar-bone, you know, and two ribs, and a few ligatures, or ligaments, I think they're called, were torn and the sternum—breast-bone, you know—was smashed in. I can't lie down flat—got to stay propped up for a while, doctor said, so that the bones won't press too hard on the thorax—that's the chest—I'm learning a pile about my body—it's

mighty interesting, too, Proff! You don't begin to realize what a number of wonderful cords and tendons and bones and muscles and organs you have until you have something the matter with you! Lucky about Lucy, eh? Flopped down on me—ha, ha!—all the matter with her is a bump on the occipital—back of the head—and a sprained ulna—one of the bones of the forearm. Doctor said it was fortunate we were both stout people or something really serious might have resulted."

"How did this thing happen? I can't understand how old Dimple could take a notion to go on the rampage!"

"Automobile!"

"Ah, I see!"

"The old girl was jogging along all right—we were coming home from the station—it was very dark—I was delayed at the office and had to take the eight-twenty, you see—it was foggy out, too, besides Dimple is getting pretty deaf—well, first thing you know one of those mad-house thrashing machines came tearing by and shaved us so close that we could smell their breath! Then another one shot past on the other side of us—Dimple just lost her head completely and away she went. Really, I didn't think she had so much speed in her—she traveled a mighty fast clip for such an old horse and I could no more stop her than I could fly. She just whooped it up, and when we came to the turn in the road she ran the rig into a boulder and over and out we went!"

"Outrage! Isn't there any law to regulate automobiles in this state?"

"Law? What do these automobile fiends care about the law? Why, that's the sport of it—breaking the law—exceeding the speed limit and tooting their crazy horns and scaring old reliable family horses into fits! I say we need to organize a vigilance committee! Lynching might help some."

"I heartily agree with you!"

"As it is now, what chance has a per-

son to get back at them? None! None whatever! It's chugg, chugg, chugg, honk, honk! then biff—bang! Somebody killed, perhaps, but do you suppose they stop to find out? Not very often! They're out of sight in short order while the victim endangers his soul cursing them with his dying breath! And in the night-time they're just as reckless, mind you. As for taking note of their number, why, there are so many of the infernal engines on the roads nowadays that the numbers run up into five figures! Who can remember such a number after just one quick glance, I'd like to know, I can't, even if it is possible to make out the figures, which it isn't half the time!"

"A person should have a right to shoot in such cases!"

"It would be only self-protection. I mean to go armed, myself, after this—if I ever get on my feet again—and I'll shoot, too! It's a howling shame that such methods should be necessary in a civilized country!"

"We're reverting to barbarism, is my opinion."

"Mechanical barbarism, yes! It was animal barbarism before! We're worse off now because we know better. The barbarism is downright deliberate. This age is machinery—wild; everything we eat and drink and wear is made by machinery; it's machine politics, machine religion, and I've even heard of a love affair being conducted by means of the phonograph! We're getting farther and farther away from nature, and pretty soon we'll be nothing but machines ourselves,—mere automatons that can do only what they're wound up to do. It's all wrong, I say. Here I will be laid up for two or three months, like as not—there'll be a big doctor's bill to pay; Dimple is ruined forever—Lucy vows she'll never ride behind her again—we'll have to buy a new horse: all on account of a senseless machine, an automobile! Yet it wouldn't be so bad if

those that run the unearthly engines would keep sober, but they won't! I suppose it's impossible to see the sport of automobiling unless you're drunk!"

"I never had any use for automobiles. Give me the horse every time."

"Ah, Proff, the horse! There's the animal. There's God's best gift to man. You can love a horse; he's flesh and blood and he eats and drinks and sleeps; he's alive. Then look at the automobile! What is it! Nothing but noise and smell! Think of loving a combination of steam engine and oil refinery! It's disgusting! I long for the days of splendid horses. Only a few years ago you could see any number of fine turn-outs right around here, even. What finer sight is there than a span of high-stepping thoroughbreds, sleek, mettlesome, graceful in every curve of their bodies? There's poetry in a horse. See them prancing, see them step out, hear the clatter of their hoofs. Ah, life! There's life for you! There's breeding! There's style! There's sport! None of your vile-smelling devil-wagons for me, thank you! A man can feel like a king holding the reins and controlling flesh and blood bred up to perfection; the vibrations of the reins thrill your whole body; you are the master; those two royal-blooded beasts are yours to command; they obey every touch of the lines; they respond with precision to every tone of your voice; they know you; they are sensitive to high emotion; they're not mechanical toys! A horse has a soul! Has an automobile a soul? Can it tremble with excitement? Can it rub a silken nose against your cheek and look at you with eyes full of tenderness? Yet people are going crazy over these ugly, emotionless machines! Just think of it—making stokers of themselves and railroads of the public highways!"

"It may be only a fad, Nick. Fads don't last long. They will come to their senses again."

"That time is far distant, old man, I would say; still, blood is thicker than water, or gasoline, and perhaps there is some hope."

In two months the Nickersons were fully recovered from their injuries and had bought a new horse. Dimple, no longer considered trustworthy, was let out to pasture to end her days in idleness. The new horse was a large, stocky animal of even, gentle temper and warranted to keep within bounds upon all possible occasions. He was a city-bred horse and trolleys, locomotives or automobiles had no terrors for him; he was a horse without nerves, apparently, one that inspired confidence. All went well until one day when he was being driven through a peaceful farming district up in the back country. They came upon a stupid-looking cow with a crumpled horn, grazing by the roadside. The new horse stopped abruptly and the cow looked up and moored; just then, unfortunately, an old sow with a litter of squealing pigs following her appeared from around the corner of a shed. This was too much for the city-bred horse and he shied, quivering with fright.

"Go away, bossie! Go away, pigs!" shrieked Mrs. Nickerson. The innocent farm animals, had they understood, might possibly have been obliging enough to withdraw, but as it was, they threatened to draw nearer instead. The horse reared up, bolted to one side and darted ahead down the stony country road. It wasn't a runaway, exactly, for Mr. Nickerson managed to keep the frightened animal to the road until he winded and slowed down of his own accord, yet it was enough of a scare to induce them to sell the horse. Thereafter, for a month, Mr. Nickerson walked to and from the station every day; then an automobile agent began to cultivate his acquaintance and the outcome was that he bought an automobile. On another Sunday morning when Mr. Proffet,

bent upon a visit to the Nickersons, alighted from the train, he was disappointed at not finding the two-seater awaiting him. He began pacing the platform—Nickerson might be late—he would wait a few minutes. In the spot where the two-seater usually stood was a large yellow touring car with two grimly garbed and begoggled figures in it. Proffet scorned a second glance at these despoised creatures.

"We're waiting for you, Proff."

Proffet looked up with a start. It was the voice of his beloved friend, and the sounds issued from one of those devil's disciples.

"Jump in, old man!"

"Proffet stood as one transfixed, gaping stupidly, unbelievably. Perplexity was written all over his face.

"It's all right, jump in!" urged Nickerson, laughing, and raising his goggles to prove his identity.

Without a word, Proffet climbed aboard and took the seat beside his host. Mr. Nickerson turned to the operating apparatus—there was a sputtering sound; he pulled a lever at his side and the vehicle moved forward as easily as a baby carriage; another pull at the lever and the car swung into a rhythmic glide and whirled down the hard, smooth turnpike without a jerk or jar. Proffet sat rigid; his expression was one of firm, relentless disapproval. A press on a foot lever and the automobile danced ahead a little faster. "Honk! Honk! Swish!" A vision of a horse and buggy swept by. The operator leaned intently forward, head straight front, eyes fixed on the ribbon of road that reeled up under them, his feet poised on heel, ever ready to press lightly for speed or jam down hard on the brake; his hands grasped the steering wheel and coaxed and guided the flying car on the course—the one hand never removed from the wheel, the other but for a moment at times to squeeze the bulb of the horn or to pull a side lever; the whole man was atten-

tion, concentration. Whirr—whirr—zimm—zimm—zimm—lightly, swiftly flew the car. "Honk! Honk!" Gracefully they swerved round a corner and went spinning along a grassy lane. The machine danced and hummed and droned—it was music—and not a jerk or jar.

Proffet had unconsciously relaxed and was reposing luxuriously in the soft, springy leather-covered seat, yet suspicion lurked in his eyes. Without a sign of hesitation they climbed a short hill, then—whizz—down a long stretch of gently-sloping road they shot. The swift, cool breeze fanned the broad cheeks of Proffet and he sighed contentedly. "Honk! Honk!" the car gently careened around another corner and they were on the turnpike again. "Honk! Honk!" a huge red tonneau flashed past.

"Now I'm going to let her out a little," announced Nickerson, without turning his head. He pulled the speed lever—he gave it a second pull—he pressed his foot upon the accelerator—whish!—they had been crawling before! The car rocked in a fine, dizzy frenzy, and in long, sweeping bounds, seeming scarcely to touch earth at all, it skimmed the surface with meteoric speed; the noise of the jump-spark was quickened into one even, prolonged, metallic note, while the beat of the wind was like the affrighted flutter of myriads of wings. Not a jerk, not a jar—just soft, billowy, intoxicating motion; not a rattle, not a squeak or a strain—just one long, dull, singing roar of speed.

Proffet's eyes were half closed and his hands lay folded dreamily in his lap; not a trace of scorn, not a shade of doubt was in his face, it was sublimely serene. Time was passing—he knew it not; distance was made sport of—he was oblivious.

"Now for a long climb," said the driver. A pull at a lever and the gear was changed; the speed slackened; the

up-grade was before them. The gait was steady and strong and easy; the tires gripped the road-bed deliberately and surely. Up, up without a slip or a hitch; up and up, there was no effort, no reluctance, no impatience; with resolute assurance the car pulled up the steep, winding road until it rolled leisurely on the summit of the ridge. Then, as they lazily followed a meandering driveway, they could see far below them a beautiful stretch of country with hills and valleys, wood and fields, and in the vague distance the sea meeting the sky. The car wheeled around and stopped.

"Ah!" ejaculated Proffet involuntarily.

Nickerson looked at his watch and then glanced at the odometer. "Proff, we've been going an hour and fifteen minutes, how many miles do you suppose we have traveled?"

"I can't imagine; I can't imagine!"

"Forty-seven miles! Up and down hill, forty-seven miles! How's that?"

"Marvelous! Marvelous!"

"Now we'll have luncheon," proclaimed Mrs. Nickerson from the rear seat.

"Luncheon!" gasped Proffet.

They alighted; the hampers were opened; a square of linen was spread on the ground and, as if by magic, a feast fit for a king was before them.

"Marvelous!" cried Proffet as he sat down before the tempting repast.

"Look at that machine, Proff, look at her! Forty-seven miles in an hour and fifteen minutes and able to keep it up all day! Look at her! Is she wind-broken? Is she ready to drop from fatigue? There's no use talking, old man, the automobile is here and it's here to stay. Horses are all right—so were oxen all right—but I tell you, this is an advanced age, an age of humanity that relieves man and beast of the strain of labor by means of machinery. Look at that car! Isn't she a beauty! Look at her curves—and did you ever have a more glorious ride in your life?"

"Never!"

"Talk about poetry—there's poetry for you! Would you ever have believed it?"

"Never!"

"We've been old fogies; we've been way behind the times; we've been kicking in the face of Providence; we've—"

"Hold on, Nick, how about it? Isn't there some danger of this thing's blowing up?" interrupted Proffet, half-heartedly.

"Why, Proff," interposed Mrs. Nickerson, "with all the experience we've had with horses, it would be a positive relief to be blown up for a change!"

WHEN I PERUSE THE CONQUER'D FAME

WHEN I peruse the conquer'd fame of heroes, and the victories of mighty generals, I do not envy the generals,
Nor the President in his Presidency, nor the rich in his great house;
But when I hear of the brotherhood of lovers, how it was with them,
How through life, through dangers, odium, unchanging, long and long,
Through youth, and through middle and old age, how unfaltering, how affectionate and faithful they were,
Then I am pensive—I hastily walk away, filled with the bitterest envy.

—Walt Whitman ("Leaves of Grass," 1860)

MAN IN PERSPECTIVE

VI.—BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE HUMAN RACE

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IN looking for the beginning of the human race we turn to the imperishable records of the earth's geological history. Mere traditions and mere written records are worthless here, because tradition, in the course of time, becomes changed beyond recognition, or is wholly lost; and we know that the art of writing is a thing of yesterday. Men inhabited the earth ages beyond the reach of oral or written history, and the evidences of this fact are found in the things which early man left behind him, and which are preserved in the depths of the earth's crust.

For the sake of convenience, geologists divide the earth's crust into four periods—primary, secondary, tertiary and quaternary. The last named period is the most superficial of these four great systems of deposits, and is estimated, roughly, to be about one million years old.

In virtually all parts of the globe—especially in Europe and Asia,—remains of men have been found in the quaternary beds, never in the tertiary beds. It is true, however, that such remains have been found on the border between the quaternary and tertiary; at the place where the tertiary rock merges into the quaternary rock; so that there is good evidence that man existed as long ago as the beginning of the quaternary, which would carry him back to about one million years ago.

Attempts to trace man further back have been made by numerous geologists and anthropologists. Chipped flint instruments, or what seemed to be such, were found in tertiary formations at

Thenay and Saint-Prest in France, near Lisbon in Portugal, and in Kent, England. Rudely carved bones were found in the tertiary at Monte Aperto, in Italy. But these finds, while interesting enough, were by no means conclusive. It is not certain that man had anything to do with them. They may or may not be the remains of men; and their value as circumstantial evidence has long since been denied by the majority of those who have carefully considered the claims of the finders.

It is a peculiar fact that flint instruments, and other instruments, have been everywhere found in the quaternary beds, and that human bones, and traces of human bones, have been also found in these beds. A still stranger fact was unearthed, literally, by Dr. Eugene Dubois, who, in 1896, in the Island of Java, discovered, in the uppermost tertiary deposits, a collection of bones of such a suspicious character as to set the whole world of science in an uproar, so to speak.

These bones were a fossil thigh and a fossil skull, so similar to the human, and at the same time so similar to the anthropoid ape, that they could not be strictly classified with either genus.

The discovery was at once seized upon as evidence of the former existence of a being who was neither man nor ape, but a transition between the two. Dubois named his find (or Professor Haeckel named it for him) *Pithecanthropus Erectus*—"the erect ape-man." The find, it was claimed, supplied the much discussed "missing link" of Darwin. The thigh of this strange animal

is entirely human; the skull is very like, in its anatomical characters and its cranial capacity, to that of a large longimanus gibbon; while the teeth are intermediate between those of man and the high apes.

All the facts above recited go to show that man, as a tool-using animal, first appeared close to the beginning of the quaternary period. The evidence may be marshaled as follows:

1. No positively human remains have ever been found in the tertiary. There have, however, been found in the tertiary bones of a race of beings partly human, partly anthropoid, which could have been none other than the ancestors of the first tool-using race of animals that appeared upon the earth. The thigh of Dubois' strange animal was human; therefore that animal could walk erect. No ape can walk erect. But here was an animal who not only walked erect but who had the skull of an ape and teeth partly ape and partly human.

2. The quaternary deposits are everywhere marked by undoubted remains of tool-using animals, and bones which undoubtedly are human.

The conclusion from these data is clear. The life of man as a tool-using animal must have begun, soon or late, in the quaternary period. How long a time was required for the development of the art of tool-using, even to the crudest and simplest stage, is, of course, a thing impossible to say. But that the human race, as distinguished from the ape, and from *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, began to be at a more or less remote stage of the quaternary period there can be no reasonable doubt.

Thus, in the records of the geological history of the earth, it is possible to trace the dawn of human life, and to say with reasonable certainty that the beginning of the human race, as we know it, lay in the peculiar force or stress of environment which sifted out from the anthropoids those individuals who could

walk erect; and which sifted again from among these the individuals who could use and, later, could manufacture, tools.

Close beside the bones of Dubois' ape-man were found the bodies of other animals common enough in the tertiary period. The ape-man was already gaining upon his fellows. Subsequently, as a tool-user, he sped far ahead of them and ultimately became what we find him now. The use of tools, which distinguished the man in those ancient times from all the other animals around him, is still his distinguishing trait. To say that man is different from other animals in virtue of his reasoning power,—to say that man is unique because he is rational,—is to utter a falsehood. If man is rational, all other animals are rational also. Some men are by no means as "rational" as are many of the lower animals. A mature dog is much more rational than a very young human child. But the use of tools is preeminently the human characteristic. And that very use of tools has been the cause in man of the very rapid and disproportionate increase of the reasoning power which is common to all animals as far down the scale as one cares to go.

We may say, then, that the human race "began" when *Pithecanthropus*, or his descendants, discovered the use of tools. The vanishing point of our perspective, when we look behind us, lies at the point where the tool-line and the hand-line intersect—at the point where the hairy ancestor discovered that a club was a better instrument than the hand with which to deal death or destruction to the things around him.

But if such be the vanishing point in the past, where is the vanishing point of human existence when we turn from the past and look before us? Does the perspective broaden or narrow? Is there any perspective to the future at all?

The minds of most men are happily not disturbed by questions of this kind. The sensualist, the materialist, the man

of the world, the merely human machines who do the work of the world and earn thereby a scant living, are but remotely interested in the end which awaits their race. Most men have a vague belief that the human race will wind up its affairs at some indeterminate time in the future. Positive popular beliefs in this respect are always of a religious nature. Christians believe that the world, and man with it, will be destroyed by fire. Jews believe that the angel Gabriel will blow a blast on a trumpet, a sort of "taps," which will awaken even the dead. Every religion is its own world-ender, and no two religions quite agree as to the precise method by which the human business will be finally and forever wound up, although all men agree that a final winding up there must be. Can science offer a suggestion or two to clear up the difficulty? Geology and anatomy, working together, have done quite well with the interesting question of man's beginning. Can zoology tell anything positive concerning his end?

Precise prediction is not a difficult art could one only be sure of his facts. In the preciseness of prediction, everything depends upon the preciseness of the facts. Given exact data and exact prediction is measurably sure. Now the chief difficulty of our present problem is lack of perfect precision. It is impossible to say just what the races of man are going to do, in the near or remote future, in the matter of intermingling with one another. Could we know, positively, that the various human races would blend into one great race—that European, Asiatic, African, and other races would, in the future, so mix and mingle, as to produce only one type of man, why, then, we could positively say that human affairs on this earth would be wound up in a comparatively short time.

Again, if the races continue distinct from one another, if they do not so mingle, we may be quite certain that

the end of human life will come even earlier than in the first case. In either case, the end is only a question of time. The human race will die out, and it will die out ages before the earth itself becomes uninhabitable. The prospects are that numerous races of animals will thrive and be happy upon this earth ages after man has utterly disappeared; just as we know that numerous races lived and died ages before he came. Let us consider the rational bases we have for this apparently bold and striking assertion.

According to the very soundest views based upon indisputable facts the process called life is not a thing unique in existence at all, but is merely a matter of physico-chemical reaction. This is not by any means an assumption. The physiologist, when he makes that assertion, is not contending for a doctrine. He does not desire to disprove the theories or the beliefs of others who are not physiologists. He has no personal interest in the case one way or another. If somebody had been able to prove that life is not a physico-chemical process the physiologist would never have assumed that it was, and could, therefore, never have proved that it was. In trying to find out the facts in the case, physiology has demonstrated the physico-chemical character of life. There are many aspects of this physics-chemistry that are obscure; but their obscurity does not suggest a non-physico-chemical cause. On the contrary, that very obscurity is a proof in itself that physics-chemistry is at the bottom of it. There is obscurity only because there is something which can be obscure. It is precisely the physics-chemistry that is obscure, and nothing else. The entire hubbub about obscurity is made by the physiologist himself. Why? Because he believes that it is due to something other than mere physico-chemical causes? By no means. He calls attention to it only to show that he has

found a difficult problem in chemistry and physics, which he forthwith proceeds to attack with fresh vigor.

Granting, however, that life is nothing but the continuous building up and breaking down of certain highly complex molecules, arranged in definite structures which facilitate this process, there would be no good ground for saying that a race of animals could not continue living *ad infinitum*. The question of race life is bound up with the method by which the individuals of the race reproduce themselves. The animal whose body consists of a single cell grows larger until a definite proportion is reached between the content of its body and the superficial area of its body and it then divides into two cells. The content increases faster than the surface. Beginning with one such cell there will soon be produced a numerous race of cells, perhaps millions or billions in number, each individual cell living its own separate life without association with its fellows.

Let us now fancy a race of cells produced in the following fashion: The initial cell divides into two cells, but the young cells remain in close contact with each other. Succeeding divisions follow the same rule, so that, although the race multiplies into the billions, the cell remains not only associated together but bound together by actual ties, such as minute fibers or cement stuff. This race of cells would be an organized community, an organic unity, which would act with the precision of an individual. In this great, organized community of cells the individual cells live and propagate by dividing into two, like the cells of the other race, only that in the second race the cells are dependent upon one another for their food.

Now a man is nothing but such a race of cells, and he propagates compact, organized races of cells like himself.

Here, then is a starting point for our inquiry as to the future life of the human

race. We know that a great, bound-together race of cells like a man, or other large animal or plant, dies out. When a man dies we behold the death of a race of cells billions upon billions in number. Nothing more, nothing less. But this race of cells which dies when a man dies has left behind its children-cells in the body of the man's offspring; and thus, although the individual man dies, and with him the parent-cells, the race life of the cell is continued in the new individual who is his child.

These are simple facts. And if we wish to find out whether race life in general has its limits (for we already know that the individual dies) it would be natural to turn to some simple form of race life such as that described above in the race of cells which lead solitary and not associated lives.

This was the thought which inspired the work of the noted French zoologist, M. Maupas, whose beautiful experiments have made possible the scientific prophecy to the effect that the human race is doomed to comparatively early extinction, whether or not there come about a universal mingling of the varieties of man now inhabiting the earth.

Maupas took for his work the classic little animal, paramoecium, which inhabits the water of ponds. Paramoecium is probably one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch in diameter and is furnished with wonderful little swimming organs like hairs which, when seen in the microscope, remind one of an eyelash. These little hairs are veritable lashes. They lash the water and thus propel paramoecium with considerable swiftness. M. Maupas found that in a few generations this race of cells became senescent: — grew old, degenerated, and would, in a short time, have died out, had not a very strange thing occurred. The worn-out cells were paired; pairs of them were drawn together by chemical affinity, two of them uniting to form one large cell.

The new, large cell was vigorous and strong, and quickly divided into two young animals, and this new race was as healthy and as young as its ancestor-race.

What had happened here to give this little race its new lease of life? It surely would have died had it not been for the pairing of the cells. For Maupus, in order to prove this, isolated some of the paramoecia, so that conjugation could not take place, and these isolated individuals died after a number of generations.

Clearly, what took place was this: The elements in the body of the animal were slowly dissociating from chemical forms which make life possible, and were breaking up into simpler forms or into compounds which, although complex, are not of the peculiar complexity which we know as living matter. This change is going on everywhere in so-called non-living as well as in so-called living matter. Heavy elements are everywhere breaking up into lighter elements—atoms are disintegrating into simpler bodies, called "electrons" or "corpuscles"—and in so-called living matter the change is faster, because of the complex character of its molecules.

In the case of paramoecium the disintegration was stopped by the bringing in of new material which set up again a new cycle of chemistry which, in time, would break down and cease if not renewed afresh.

And now for the application of our very brief and wholly inadequate survey of the chemistry of life. The life of men, as the life of all other animals and all plants, runs in chemical cycles. If there were no conjugation, no rejuvenation, no periodic pairing of individuals, the race would die in one generation. As the living matter in the body of an individual breaks down into the simpler elements of which it is composed, so, in time, must the chemistry of the race itself become simplified, and the race

disappear. But a senescent race, a degenerating and dying race of men, can be rejuvenated and made young again by conjugation, or blending, with a different race of men. This newly invigorated race,—this actually new race, will, in its own turn, die, if not freshened by marriage with a still different race. And so on.

But here we find ourselves in a pretty dilemma. Of men there are comparatively few races, and only a small number of these seem willing to mix. The different races of Europe freely mingle. But the European does not mix with the African or Mongolian, and these do not mix among themselves. We can imagine a state of affairs such as this: The races of Europe will one day be reduced, by mingling, into one homogenous race; or let us say the races called Caucasian will one day be blended into one great uniform race. Of the remaining races, the Mongol and the Negro will be the only types, the others being absorbed by these two, or otherwise obliterated.

If now these three races refuse to blend, the one with the other; if each insists upon reproducing itself pure, each must, in a comparatively short time, reach the end of its race life-cycle, and so pass away.

If, on the other hand, these races commingle, man may survive a comparatively long time, during which the new, final world-race is being compounded. But this compounding must one day be finished; and then, when there is no longer another variety with which the human race can refresh or rejuvenate itself, why, then it must run its course—and a rapid one it will be—to complete extinction.

Perhaps it had been better for the perpetuation of the human race had our hairy ancestor never discovered the use of those wonderful tools of which his descendants are so fond of boasting. In that case the human race might not have become as dominant as it now is, but on

the other hand it might today have a numerous representation among the species of animals which inhabit the earth. In other words, there might have been developed a larger number of human kinds. It is possible, of course, that, had it not been for his inventiveness and his skill in the manufacture of tools, man would have been wiped out ages ago.

At all events, he has a very short representation in the way of species, and the enormous size of his brain in proportion to the rest of his body may prove only an additional factor of his racial undoing.

If the men of the future are wise they will probably prolong their racial life by deliberately mingling their races together. This method,—especially if it were followed with intelligence and skillful discrimination—would postpone the final extinction of the kind for a long time. But even then the doom of

the race would be inevitable. The decrease in human population would be rapid and sure, and racial death would speedily put an end to human activity.

With this thought in mind, we can imagine a world with life in plenty but no man by to say he were lord of it. We can see a world, much as the world of today, with all its brilliant beauty, its returning Spring hailed with joy by bird and beast, its sunshine and showers, its streaming color, its dull, blind mysteries, its infinite waste of energy and its perfectly purposeless existence, and man not even a memory in the mind of its inhabitants.

As with man, so with all living things. And even so with matter itself; for the great poet spoke truth when he said:

“—The great globe itself,
And all it doth inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant, faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on.”

A GARDEN OF PINKS

“I love everything that's pink in the whole world.”—*Our Tiny Gladys*

By Jasper Barnett Cowdin

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

THE Artist too loves pink, my little dear,
And touches with a dainty breath the rose.
How sweet you look in pink He also knows,
And leaves some on your peach-soft cheek and ear.
What would the sunset be without its cheer?
Babies are pink down to the very toes,
And delicate tints of pink the sea-shell shows.
Pink teas will some day be your fad, I fear.
If of propriety you are the pink,
A new white frock you'll get, with bright pink bows-es,
And then you'll be a fairy queen, I think —
A sight to make the pink-eyed bunnies blink.
Now baby-pigs are silky-pink, like roses;
And there are pink — but here the sonnet closes.

THE TEMPTING OF SENATOR GALLOWAY

By Ripley D. Saunders

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

MISS MARGARET," said Senator Joe Galloway of Boone, greeting his old-time sweetheart at the governor's inaugural reception, "'it is years since last we met," and the sight of you is like the morning sunshine after an all-night storm. 'Fair nature seems revived, and even my heart sits light and jocund at the day's return!'"

Margaret Dane laughed up into the ruddy face surmounted by its shock of stubborn gray hair, a humorous face that refused to grow old. The new Missouri legislature was beginning its session and Major Joe Galloway returned as one of the veteran senators of that body.

"Senator," she retorted, "you're the same incorrigible flatterer as of old. My earliest recollection is of your saying sweet things to me—that was a long time ago—and here you are at it again!"

"I began telling you the truth, Miss Margaret," replied Senator Galloway, making one of his famous Boone County bows, "when I was just past nine years of age. I recall the occasion perfectly. I was so infatuated with you that I dreamed of you the night before—and I told you my dream during recess at school and formally notified you that you were the object of my youthful affections. 'When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love,' as the poet says."

Again Margaret Dane's mellow laugh rang out, such a laugh as is not often heard from spinster lips, so genuinely and unconsciously girlish it was. She looked with cordial eyes at Senator Joe Galloway—glad to see him once more, yet a bit tremulous and pensive.

"You are incurable, Senator," she said. "You talk very lovely to us women, yet they say you wouldn't marry

one of us to save our lives. And I'm willing to wager that your bachelor card parties and little suppers will be the scandal of Jefferson City this Winter, just as I'm told they've always been!"

Senator Galloway's face fell woefully at this.

"Miss Margaret," came his sudden answer, "I regret to say that you would lose your wager—and, anyway, you're responsible for my bachelorhood. But those little consolatory festivals of which you speak are bygone things—'departed, never to return,' as the poet says. For you are now gazing, Miss Margaret, upon an old bachelor who at last thanks fate that you refused to marry him—an old bachelor at the end of his rope, busted higher than Gilderoy's kite, mortgaged up to his neck and serving his last term in the Missouri senate before settling down to save what he may from 'the wreck of fortunes and the crash of worlds.'"

"Senator!" cried Margaret Dane. "You surely don't mean it!"

But Senator Galloway nodded a rueful head. The next moment he smiled apologetically.

"I beg you a thousand pardons," he said quaintly. "Isn't it just like me to blurt out anything that's on my mind to you? And at the governor's reception and our happy meeting! It's a shame, that's what it is!" Self-reproach was in his eyes.

"You run along and have a good time now," he ventured. "'Let joy be unconfined!' I want to read in the St. Louis papers tomorrow that Miss Margaret Dane was the belle of the ball!"

Margaret Dane, old maid, was gazing curiously at the man who had once asked her to be his wife, and who had con-

tinued to live a bachelor through all the years thereafter. Then she spoke deliberately.

"Senator," she asked, "who do you think is in Jefferson City for the opening of this session of the legislature? William Harlow, our old-time schoolmate. He is now the general counsel for a big St. Louis railroad, I believe. I met him today."

They stood apart from the reception throng.

"The man I thought you loved," said Senator Joe Galloway. "The man I thought you were going to marry when you refused me."

Margaret Dane smiled a queer little smile.

"That's all in the long ago, Senator," she spoke quietly. "We must not go too deeply into the past."

Senator Galloway ran his hand through his rumpled gray hair in a helpless sort of way. He was wondering what Margaret Dane would say if she knew that he loved her as deeply as in the "long ago" of which she spoke.

And just then a white-haired old lady beckoned to Margaret and the two separated. The senator saw his companion swept onward to where stood the new governor of Missouri and his official party. It was a brilliant state function and Senator Joe Galloway's eyes shone as he noted how clean-cut and thoroughbred his old sweetheart looked among the other women.

"I oughtn't to have told her the fix I was in," he said to himself reproachfully. "Dod zound it! I'd rather she'd think I was prospering and getting rich, like William Harlow!"

But it was the truth that Senator Galloway had blurted out to Margaret Dane concerning his luckless plight.

"Endorsed too much paper for poor old Jesse Hawkins, dad blame it!" he explained to his friends. "He'd ha' done the same for me, but that don't alter the fact that Jess has gone up the

flume and I'm left holding the bag. Well, well! It's a world of ups and downs, and a man must take his medicine without whimpering!"

Which the senator bravely did.

"'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' as the poet says," he was wont to remark. "'Weep and you weep alone.' And I don't intend to be any lonelier than I can help."

"Sailing close to the wind," he called it, when he proceeded to dispense with the little bachelor dissipations that for so many years had been his delight at the state capital. He still kept his two modest rooms a short walk distant from the Madison House, but along with his card parties and little suppers, he gave up the span of fast trotters that had been raised on his own farm.

"A man's got no right to play poker if he can't afford to lose," he frankly declared. "And I find I can't tackle late suppers like I used to when I was younger. Those horses of mine? Well, I got such a good offer for 'em from Colonel Bob Sappington, over there in Boone, that it would have been flying in the face of Providence to refuse!"

And there the matter rested.

But the frowns of an unkindly fortune were not entirely equal to the task of utterly destroying Senator Joe Galloway's sunniness of soul. He was almost as full of good humor as ever, his laugh as genuine, his temperamental optimism as prone to make itself evident. Only at rare moments did he seem to lack this brave buoyancy of spirit. And these moments, it might have been noticed, followed his occasional glimpses of Margaret Dane.

More than once did the senator encounter her during this time. Once or twice, too, he saw William Harlow, "the big St. Louis corporation lawyer," but each time in an environment that forbade any renewal of their earlier acquaintance. And once he happened to get a sight of Harlow and Margaret Dane

together—Harlow was handing her into a carriage at a shop door, and he noticed how well the railroad attorney's carefully groomed figure seemed to harmonize with Margaret's distinguished personal presence.

Then, one day Senator Galloway experienced a surprise. He received the friendliest of letters from William Harlow—cordial, intimate, yet reproachful after a fashion. "Why the mischief haven't you let me know that you were the Joe Galloway I used to go to school with, you sinner?" the lawyer asked. "I had no idea Senator Galloway and that freckle-faced boy were one and the same! Come and see me, Joe—I want to have a talk with you about those old days!"

Senator Joe Galloway was genuinely touched by the tone of the letter. He read it musingly.

"Well, sir," he said to himself, "blamed if it ain't true, as the poet says—'Oh, friends regretted, scenes forever dear, remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!' And, after all, even though William Harlow did come between me and Margaret, we were boys at school together, and I reckon the memory of those old times is sort o' tugging at his heart-strings."

Strangely enough, their first meeting was at the house where Margaret Dane was a guest, and was brought about by her, the occasion being one of the minor social affairs of the Jefferson City season. The house in question was markedly political, its master one of the captains of his party's state organization, and it was in his own smoking den that Senator Galloway and William Harlow came face to face, their host leaving them alone together for a reminiscent chat. The great St. Louis lawyer was a cold-faced man, with gray eyes that seemed hardened into steel, but he appeared sincerely glad to see the senator, his boyhood friend. Their talk was long and intimate, so intimate, indeed, that

it created the opportunity for which the railroad lawyer had hoped.

"Old fellow," he said after a time, placing one hand on the senator's knee, "I'm here in Jefferson City on important business, and you can help me in it, and I want you to help me."

"Anything in the world I can do, Harlow," replied Senator Joe Galloway, "I'll do with the greatest pleasure in life. What is it you want?"

Harlow moved his chair closer to the other's.

"It's this, Joe," he answered. "There's going to be a bill introduced in both houses this session to straighten out an old tangle in my road's affairs—a tangle inherited from the company which we succeeded, the old Missouri-Transcontinental that built the Missouri division of our line. Under a certain construction of the laws as they now stand, we're responsible for that company's bonds held by the state of Missouri; but I know, and every other good lawyer knows, that we're not really liable for those bonds. Well, the bill I'm going to have introduced, while not expressly stating the fact on its face, will in its operation relieve us absolutely of that unjust liability. But there's going to be a fight on the bill, and I want you to help us through."

Senator Galloway's face, until now beaming with a sincere willingness to serve an old friend, suddenly became clouded.

"I'm sorry, Harlow," he said, almost shamefaced. "I heard something to the effect that such a bill was contemplated, but I didn't know that was what you wanted to speak to me about."

There was a little pause. William Harlow was watching Senator Galloway with coldly intent eyes.

"I'll tell you the plain truth, Harlow," continued the senator. "That bill of yours will be a dangerous measure for me to favor. Old friendship is a big claim on a man—I've just made myself

temporarily a poor man by recognizing such a claim—it's asking a good deal just for old friendship's sake!"

A cynical amusement flashed swiftly into William Harlow's evil eyes. By heaven, Senator Galloway was willing to be bribed! There could be no other meaning to his words at such a moment. It was an opportunity to be improved on the spot.

"You've hit the nail on the head, Joe, old fellow," Harlow spoke, his voice sinking. "It would be asking a good deal for old friendship's sake, and I don't mean to do it. I don't want you to make any sacrifice on our account. I'm talking with you in advance about this bill because we've known each other all our lives, and I can talk to you confidentially, as old friend to old friend. What I say to you is this: I am in a position to do you a good turn if you help us in this matter. I want you to understand this plainly, Joe."

An almost pathetic change took place in Senator Joe Galloway's mind. Suddenly the tenderness of his recollection of past days vanished and he remembered the boy, "Bill" Harlow, as he had been in reality, the boy that was father to this evil man. An old scorn that had until this moment been smoothed away by Time's fingers awoke in his soul. But he spoke with unchanged voice.

"Now you're coming to the point, Harlow," he said. "You certainly are in a position to help me out of a bad hole, if I help you and your road out of one. And my nose is right against the grindstone, Harlow—for a year to come, anyway!"

"I know," interrupted the other. "I heard all about it—your endorsing for Jesse Hawkins and having to pay at short notice—and that sort of thing ties a man up for a while. And I heard about it in such a way, too, that, by George, I'm glad I've got a chance, maybe, to put you on your feet again!"

Senator Galloway's jaws were grimly

outlined as he set his teeth together on his cigar.

"Then we're talking man to man," he said. "Get right down to business, Harlow."

"Business it is," responded Harlow with an ugly smile. "If you do all you can with your friends in the senate, getting them to vote with you for my bill and helping to pass it, it'll lift the mortgage on your farm."

"The mortgage is for five thousand dollars," remarked Senator Galloway.

"It'll be lifted," said the other. "You'll find yourself able to pay it off and have your farm unencumbered again. This is official—I'm here to see that this bill is passed!"

There was silence for a moment.

"What do you say, Joe?" asked Harlow, still smiling. "Can I count on you?" Senator Galloway moved uneasily.

"There's one thing more," he responded. "A man can't be too careful in the beginning. How did it happen that you got me in your mind for this work? Who was telling you that I was so hard up just at present?"

Harlow chuckled.

"Oh, that part of it's all right!" he said. "There's no danger of anybody putting two and two together. You'd never guess, Joe, but I'll tell you, all the same. It was Margaret Dane. She was bewailing the hard luck that had befallen you—she thinks you're ruined to Kingdom Come—and she told me the story with tears in her eyes. It was Margaret Dane!"

Senator Galloway threw away his cigar.

"You mean, then," he asked, "that you'll pay me a fee of five thousand dollars to work and vote for your bill, getting as many of my friends in the senate to vote for it as I can, and thus helping its passage?"

"That's exactly what I mean, senator," answered William Harlow, giving Senator Galloway his official title with em-

phasized unction. "A fee of five thousand dollars, cash down."

Senator Joe Galloway rose to his feet.

"The thing that I regret most at this exact moment, Harlow," he said, "is that, in a sense, you happen to be Margaret Dane's guest tonight."

Surprise and dismay sprang into the other's face.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean," replied Senator Galloway, "that but for that fact, two out of three damned unpleasant things would happen to you. First and foremost, I'd kick you out of this room and down into the street. Second, I'd expose you and your scoundrelly scheme to the people now in this house, if only to explain why I had kicked you into their view. And third, as it is, I mean to denounce you on the floor of the senate for attempted bribery."

"You fool!" said Harlow. "You can't prove a thing, and you are throwing away five thousand dollars!"

"You scoundrell!" replied Senator Galloway. "You and your kind don't seem to understand that there are some men left in Missouri whom money can't buy. Damned if I don't believe you'd try to bribe old George Graham Vest himself if he was alive and in the Missouri legislature now! But the old state's honest yet, and you fellows are booked to find it out to your cost. I'll help to hasten the good day, by the eternal!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Harlow.

"I'm going to do just what I said," answered Senator Galloway. "I'd send you to the penitentiary, if I could. And as I can't, I'll at least brand that bill of yours so indelibly with the brand of boodle that the biggest legislative crook in all Missouri won't dare vote for it!"

Dead silence followed the words. Then, suddenly, William Harlow laughed, a baffled, malignant laugh.

"You will never have the chance to

do any of these fine things!" he sneered. "The bill will not be introduced at this session of the legislature. We can afford to wait, and we will wait—we can afford it. And therefore, all that this foolishness of yours means is that you've lost five thousand dollars, in spite of Margaret Dane's efforts to put the money in your pocket!"

"For shame, William Harlow!" said Margaret Dane herself. "You are not worthy to look an honest man in the face!"

She stood just within the room, pale and tremulous.

"I could not help but hear," she said. And then to Harlow, her words falling like the cut of a whip, "I want you to go away."

When they were alone, Margaret Dane held out both hands to Senator Joe Galloway, her eyes shining, her head high, a look on her face that has but one meaning when a woman looks at a man.

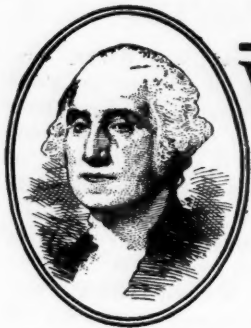
"You don't know how proud I am of you, Senator Galloway!" she cried. The next moment she was sobbing with excitement, her face buried on her arm, her hair brushing the ample sleeve of Senator Galloway's old-fashioned broadcloth coat.

The senator drew her to him softly.

"Margaret," he said, "it wasn't any real temptation that Harlow was holding out to me, but you're tempting me mighty hard now, Margaret. If I could be sure of what I saw in your face just now I'd—I'd ask you just one question—the question I asked you long, long ago."

"I wish you would," said Margaret Dane. "I want to answer it now the way I would have answered it then, if my dear father and mother hadn't persuaded me not to. It's all my fault that life has gone wrong with us, dear heart."

"Margaret," replied Senator Joe Galloway, "you musn't talk like that. Life is going well for us after this day, thank God!"



Washington and Lincoln



By John McGovern

Author of "Poems", "The Fireside University", "The Golden Censer", etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE ANCESTOR

THE instinctive worship of our ancestors, that comes down to us along with a distressing number of worse things, makes us always ready to praise the dead at the expense of the living. At the same time, in excuse, there are periods of decay, as in France from the era in which St. Simon (the duke) begins to write until the smallpox fell on the Lord's anointed and the big Revolution began. Since Grant went into the White House, I have looked on the present age as another one of decay. First, it was gifts—horses and carriages, present of a house and lot by Morgan—then it was graft; now it is "honest graft," with the indignant honest grafters looking us dead in the eyes and asking us if we ourselves know any better way.

Casting about, over the world, is there a really great hero? Yes, Booth of London, although I, as much as any free man living, am annoyed by his terrific assaults on the bass drum and his making of fly-time a religious and perennial question. Dewey must be another hero, to judge by the way our glorious nation killed him off when it got jealous of him. Roosevelt may be another, but he is in a place more difficult than the Russian Witte took, and he is young

and venturesome (but all great men are venturesome). The king of England is a fairly great man. The Japanese must have a great man or two on hand. In pure science the age is crowded with giants. I dare not enter on the splendid list. So, although we are morally as bad as they were under Louis XIV and Louis X, we still can point to great men—men whose honor, courage, fortune and genius attract the attention of good and bad alike. Even in the rotten times, there arose Frederick, who kept the whole rotten world at bay after stealing Silesia.

I am thinking all this while of George Washington. Ought I to praise him as an Ancestor, or for what he did actually do? Or, ought I to contrast him with honest grafters?—No, we need not do that. A man named Weems painted the Father of his Country with wings and a gold-leaf halo, but James Parton and other great chroniclers have corrected the personal error of Weems. We may, therefore, look at George Washington nowadays without getting out smoked glass. And for all that, he is truly a gigantic figure in all history.

Last November an English prince came over here with a squadron of battleships, and went down to Mount Vernon. At first they had him laying

a wreath on Washington's tomb. I did not like that. Then they corrected the report and had him bring away a branch of ivy. That was all right. About wreaths, let the prince lay one on the grave of Robert Emmett—charity begins at home. And what is his squadron of battleships for?—to knock off the top sixteen stories of the Park Row building in New York, or to blow the stanchions out of Pulitzer's dome. They come around with their battleships and we go out with ours. They say: "Look at this." We say: "See what we've got here." Just as small boys do—one of the crowd says, showing his left arm, bared, "Look-ye here: Six months in the hospital. And here"—the right arm.—"sudden death." Then the other champion makes exactly the same maneuver. Now, gentle reader, how far off is the fight? Not very far.

As near as I can learn, a three-million battleship lasts just five minutes. The Henry George lecturers start out by saying that man is a land animal—but is he?

If I mistake not, patriotism is the most instinctive inherent trait of the body politic. Woe to the individual (that is, at swarming-time) who makes sport of that characteristic of the average man. George Washington needs no British praise; the British records have him down as rebel, traitor—which he was—over there. Kaiser Wilhelm was mistaken in establishing a statue of Baron Trenck's Frederick the Great at Washington; Cyrus Field was fatuous in putting up a monument to Major Andre at Tarrytown. Our honest grafting papas have sold large consignments of dizzy or calculating daughters to the highest bidders of the British peerage, but these papas are thereby not to be ancestors here. We daily pay them their honest graft, but we owe them no subscription. We do not like them nor their get.

Owing to George Washington, the

United States is free and independent—and owing to him, also, somewhat united. It is not owing to him that our nation is obstreperous. Because of his astonishing patience, nerve and testy temper with subordinates, he is not buried under an English jail—for we must not forget that, in stuttering old King George's time, there were over two hundred crimes that were punishable with death, and George Washington and Sam Adams' crimes led all the rest—"What! What! What! This Colonel Washington, and this Master Adams—what, what, what!"—it was certainly hard on his majesty.

With so many Tories at New York, and so many peace-at-any-price Foxites at Philadelphia, all of them so stingy that they would make war-contributions only at the point of a bayonet—how did George Washington ever free his country? Well, he was a great retreator. Maria Theresa had such a marshal in old Daun. Wellington was cut on the same pattern. If the war had lasted fourteen years instead of seven, Washington might have been found fortified at Fort Dearborn, on the lake front at Chicago. They got tired of chasing him, and didn't believe he'd fight. He swore his big hands warm at Valley Forge; then Franklin, Beaumarchais, Lafayette and D'Estaing gave a little bee for his benefit near the Chesapeake Bay, and down pounced George Washington on Yorktown. Alexander Hamilton fought hard—(I do him honor, and charge it all to Washington, who liked him)—and presto! the colonies were free.

Would to God no honest grafter of the present day might take it to heart if I quote what Washington said at the time he told congress his army was "occupying a cold, bleak hill and sleeping under frost and snow without clothes or blankets." He wishes he could bring "those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers and engrossers to

condign punishment. I would to God that some of the most atrocious in each state was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman." "Idleness, dissipation and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of" the people, and "speculation, speculation and an irresistible thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration and almost of every order of men; party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day."

II

How did the Ancestor look? Ackerson tells us: The Ancestor was big—looked six feet and a half—stiff as an Indian—mighty bad temper; eye almost white; face white; nose good and red (very cold weather, then); throat tied up; army boots number thirteen; gloves had to be surveyed and made for him; all bone and muscle and weighed only 200; it took two other men to put his big tent in a camp-wagon; he tossed it in with one hand. He had a great old mouth, that Ackerson thought was painful to look at—it would have been more painful for King George—What—What—What to gaze on. He could hold a musket in one hand and shoot as well as his companions could shoot with a pistol. His finger-joints were wonders. He was a huge eater, and to be hungry set him in a beautiful rage (to be seen, of course, from a distance). He drank a moderate amount of rum.

He was better even than Henry of Navarre. He was one of the world's heroes—primordial, medi-ordinal, post-ordinal, everlasting—astounding human fabric, woven always but not often "on the loud-sounding loom of time," as Carlyle loves to quote.

When the army became suspicious of congress and Colonel Nicola boldly asked Washington to be dictator, he "viewed the letter with abhorrence," "reprehended it with severity." "If I am not

deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable."

He stood at the wharf in New York City. "I shall be obliged," he said to his officers, "if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Tears were in his eyes. He said no more, but embraced them one by one, in the fashion of those days. They felt very lonesome and fatherless when he disappeared on the blue waters. He adjusted his accounts at Philadelphia, but charged no salary for all those years. He disbursed about \$75,000 in all sorts of ways, and much of this he himself had advanced. He went into congress to read his Farewell. He drew his spectacles, saying, "You see I have grown old in your service." He walked out of the hall a private citizen. But he had left his people far too soon.

III

It had been a strange chapter. A tobacco planter of heroic build, with a noble self-assurance, had stopped fox-hunting to make war. He had tried one thing after another. A man of imperious authority over those near to him, he had exerted but little at a distance, because of his distaste for the distant exercise of power. He had fits of retreating and starts of formidable advancing; he had fought in mid-Winter and lain still in mid-Summer. Some years he had scarcely fought at all. Yet he had made several forays, quick movements, worthy of either Frederick or Napoleon. He had struck at Trenton, Monmouth and Yorktown with the genius of the first of captains.

What kind of a general would Washington have made if he had massed a big army? He did not have Frederick's heritage, opportunity, or dreadful dilemma. He had at heart, I believe, more fire than Wellington. He was at times as cautious as Marshal Daun. He was

also a founder of a new public thing—*res publica*—and ranks with Ahmes in Egypt, Moses in Israel, William in England and Peter in Russia. But he was in himself more like the giant-heroes of the Dark and Middle ages, for his armor and his lance were too heavy for his colleagues.

But perhaps the worst of his troubles remained. He supposed the thirteen colonies had at least courage enough to fight and win the battles of peace, so he went to Ohio to look after his private affairs. Thereupon the communists of Massachusetts set out to divide property, and New England concluded to erect a nation by itself. The best the most of them could figure out was three confederations, or nations, south of Canada.

The colonies passed tariffs against each other that even outdid what England had tried to do to Boston. To the horror of George Washington, the country, in a time of peace with foreign powers, was on the verge of anarchy. Only Virginia paid taxes to the Continental Congress at New York. Rhode Island and New Hampshire were particularly mean. While the big man at Mt. Vernon was seriously ill with the rheumatism, there came a feeble call for a federal convention at Philadelphia to frame a government that would avert the *morcellement* of North America. Chagrined and humiliated that he should be called upon, he traveled wearily to Philadelphia, where, of course, they made him president of the convention—but nearly all of the other delegates waited for him to arrive in Philadelphia first. Rhode Island never came at all. No body of men ever met with less encouragement. The convention sat for four months in perfect secrecy—that would be impossible in this immoral age. Franklin, Madison and Washington were there all the hot Summer. Hamilton got away—didn't help much until election. It looks to me as if Jefferson at Paris fur-

ished the main idea—executive, legislative, judicial—through Madison, his disciple, who in turn received Washington's approval on all he attempted. Jefferson called the convention a convocation of demi-gods, but afterward thought they had given the president too much power and opportunity. Washington, little knowing his personal influence, returned in sorrow to Mt. Vernon, expecting anarchy. His own state developed serious opposition to his work. But all ended well.

Because the ancestor had signed this Constitution, it was adopted. The Constitution had fixed up a big office called the presidency, because Washington was a big man. When the electoral college met there was no vote for anybody else. Every elector, therefore, came away a hero.

Thus Washington saved his country twice. When we read the Constitution of the United States, we must construe it as we would a river and harbor bill. The fact that Delaware or Rhode Island has two senators is just like the paving of a dry creek in Pennsylvania at an expense of \$100,000. To avert anarchy, the Constitution was log-rolled, and much to Jefferson's mortification. One should read Washington's letters roasting Rhode Island and New Hampshire. There was a long-headed Virginian named Mason, who foresaw war in state sovereignty. But he said, "We can at least put it off," and they did. Then Mason, queer man, tried to defeat the new Constitution.

IV

I would like to correct a widely prevailing impression that Washington leaned to Hamilton's ideas on government. Not at all. That was the reason Hamilton left the convention. Washington was as good a democrat as Jefferson and Madison. He heartily approved their doctrines and also had the genius and patience and prestige to adjust those

doctrines somewhat to weak and selfish human nature.

The first president of the United States, George Washington, entered the harbor of New York as impressively as Cleopatra floated up the river Cyndus. New York was pleased, because it looked as if he were king. But he said: "In our progress toward political happiness my station is new." No, he was not king. Yet he would shake hands with nobody, and he returned no calls. He would have liked to be called "His Highness" because he thought he held a sublime office. He logically appointed Jefferson in the cabinet—Jefferson, pupil of Rousseau and Sam Adams and Patrick Henry. He went to Boston to see Governor Hancock, and made poor, sick Hancock call on him first, dead or alive, — hence the American doctrine that in the United States the president, representing all the people, outranks everybody else.

One of the Jacobin editors, later on, said Washington "maintained the seclusion of a monk and the supercilious distance of a tyrant." And one of the most grotesque things I know of was the advance of the French Citizen Genet, carrying Equality or Death to George Washington!

Toward the end of his two presidencies he concluded to prepare his "mind for the obloquy that disappointment and malice" were collecting to heap on him. So, at the next leave-taking, he was glad to depart from one and all. But they were not merry. They again were lonesome. The hall was nearly emptied when Washington went out; a multitude followed him to his lodgings. And when he saw this once more he turned and bowed very low, and tears were in his eyes.

I almost know I shall be pardoned if I linger to transcribe that most remarkable paragraph of Lawrence Washington, the half-brother, wherein he mirrored George Washington in

the front of Mary Washington, the woman who bore the Ancestor: "She awed me in the midst of her kindness. And even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic of the Father of His Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

THE DICTATOR

THAT terrible question of the equal sovereignty of all sorts of states, which the war-worn fathers of 1787 had decided to leave to the armies of posterity, came to a sharp focus upon the election, as president, of a western pioneer who believed the Union could be maintained and at the same time that new states should prohibit slavery. He believed slavery was a necessary evil, and he had not the slightest notion of disturbing it in the South.

Thereupon the greatest civil war since feudal times broke out, and ended with the temporary subjugation of the South and the liberation and enfranchisement of the Africans. In that awful conflict this western pioneer, Lincoln, was commander-in-chief of the northern states' armies and navy. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus and the erection of many military districts made him dictator for about four years. He could, and did, send for critics of his policy and put them in prison, just as the czar does.

This Dictator, personally, was one of the "characters" of the whole world's history. He was taller than the Ancestor himself — hardly anybody of the younger generations alive today realize how exceeding tall he was. He had

bigger feet and hands than Washington. He, also, like Henry of Navarre and George Washington, was a "strong man." Nobody ever fooled with him. While he was out in the spot-light of history, nobody ever got him fighting mad.

I never saw him. But I felt him plainly — telepathically — so did every other western Union person in the North. I was ten years old, at Lima, a hamlet of northwestern Indiana. He was at Springfield, Illinois, telling stories. Those yarns would reach our town commons in a week's time. The Douglas boys cried: "Hurrah for Lincoln, and a rope to hang him." Then we cried: "Hurrah for Douglas, and a nigger to skin 'im, and a bottle of whiskey to drown him in." We didn't believe Lincoln would be elected — he was too good a fellow—he didn't put on dignity, like the preacher, the doctor, the lawyer, the banker.

We, of course, thought he was more of an Abolitionist than he really was in 1860. We thought that hanging old John Brown ought to make an Abolitionist out of even Douglas—and practically it did.

II

There is a strong likeness between Lincoln leaving Springfield for Washington and George Washington leaving Mt. Vernon for Philadelphia, to see if there would be a constitutional convention. Both men were dreadfully blue—but Lincoln was well, while Washington had his arm in a sling from rheumatism.

Abraham Lincoln was the small boy's idol. But we thought he was too kind. He stood too much from Buell, McClellan, Halleck. We stopped playing sheep-in-the-pen to lament it. Young men would go by, wounded the week before at Shiloh or Stone River, and we would keep on playing, pretending we didn't see it.

Abraham Lincoln had to log-roll, too. He was forced to give cabinet positions

to the ever envious Chase; to old Simon Cameron, who was no saint at all; and to Seward, to whom the nomination had naturally belonged, because he was a real emancipator. Lincoln had to keep Horace Greeley in good humor. He had two scorpions in his presidential basket, James Gordon Bennett in the East, Brick Pomeroy in the West. Both exploited the southern theory that Abraham Lincoln was "an anthropoid ape"—a gorilla. That was because Lincoln was not pretty, like Chase, or Sumner. Now Jeff Davis was no prize-taker either, and Abraham Lincoln could give him all sorts of odds on kindness.

III

But, above all, it is totally impossible to sketch Abraham Lincoln without his funny stories—they were frequently parables. For instance, when he arrived at Washington the radicals, of course, thought it was they who were elected. They thought in their hearts, "Now we've got ye," and wanted to know if he were going to ride to the capitol alone, or let Buchanan take him there, which was according to the custom. "That reminds me," said Lincoln, "of the witness in a lawsuit, who looked like a Quaker. When he arose to take the oath he was asked by the judge, who seemed puzzled, whether he wished to swear or affirm. 'I don't care a damn which,' said the witness."

A delegation asked the appointment of a man in delicate health, to go to the balmy latitudes of the Sandwich Islands. "Gentlemen," said Lincoln, "I am sorry that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."

The office-seekers told Uncle Abe that he had been exposed to the small-pox. "I'm glad of it," he said, "for now I'm going to have something I can give to everybody."

A man wanted a pass into Richmond. "Happy to oblige you. Fact is, though,

I've given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and as yet not one has reached the place."

Fairfax was raided and a brigadier-general and a number of horses were captured. "Well, I'm sorry on account of the horses. I can make a brigadier-general in five minutes, but it isn't an easy matter to replace 110 horses."

He did not like the dress coats and kid gloves of the East. Gentlemen wearing this sort of outfit were hotly insistent that he should "free the negroes." "Where are you going, my son?" he said to Robert, seeing him in a dress suit. The son told him he was to attend a banquet given by Senator Sumner in honor of Professor Longfellow. "Go, my son," the president said, "but if you are able to hold a respectable conversation for fifteen minutes with those gentlemen, you'll do more than your father ever did." This Herndon tells, and I believe it.

III

Gradually everybody could see that it was "a war to free the negroes." There came draft riots in that same old city of New York that had grieved George Washington. There came Butternut and Copperhead conventions. Brick Pomeroy, old Storey at Chicago, and Bennett at New York, (like the newspaper called *Pere Duchesne* at Paris in 1793) were "in a furious passion tonight." The military criticism regarding Grant and Sherman was particularly sharp. Lincoln delivered Mason and Slidell to England, encouraged Juarez in Mexico; set down Vollandigham of Ohio within the Confederate lines; moderated the tone of Seward's documents; made peace as often as war. Finally, when the time was sufficiently ripe, he issued the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation. On September 22, 1862, he informed all regions in rebellion, naming them and excepting certain counties, that their slaves would be

free January 1, 1863, unless they ceased to defy the authority of the United States. It was not abolition as a principle—it was a threat of emancipation in rebellious regions as a measure of war. He called the members of the cabinet and, summarizing his thoughts and feelings, he told them this proclamation and no other would be issued. Governor Seward, secretary of state, suggested a slight change, which was adopted; a day or two later he suggested still another, which was likewise adopted. The president asked the governor why he had not mentioned both changes at once, but Governor Seward did not seem to give a satisfactory answer and left the room.

"Seward," said Lincoln, "reminds me of a hired man who came to a farmer and told him that one of a favorite yoke of oxen had fallen down dead. After a pause, the hired man added: 'And the other ox in that team is dead, too.' 'Why didn't you tell me at once that both the oxen were dead?' said the farmer. 'Because I didn't want to hurt you by telling you too much at one time.'"

He was more than pleased with the bravery shown by the colored regiments at Petersburg, for he had been bitterly opposed in commissioning them. He was talking to Grant. "I think, general, we can say of the black boys what a country fellow who was an old-time abolitionist in Illinois said when he went went to a theater in Chicago and saw Forrest playing 'Othello.' He didn't know the tragedian was a white man blacked up for the purpose. After the play was over, the folks who had invited him to go to the show wanted to know what he thought of the actors, and he said: 'Waal, layin' aside all sectional prejudices and any partiality I may have for the race, durned if I don't think the nigger held his own with *any* on 'em.'"

As Abraham Lincoln entered Richmond, the picture of the freed slaves gathering about him and hailing him

with sharp cries as their deliverer, would have convinced anybody that freedom is a precious thing in the opinion of those who have been denied it.

IV

They say he never forgot a face. When the soldiers came back after the war, a good many of them went to see Old Abe, and there is a story to show how tall he was. In 1840 he had taken dinner with a Sanagmon County farmer. Now this "embattled farmer" shook hands with the triumphant president.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "I remember you. You used to live on the Danville road. I took dinner with you when I was running for the legislature. I recollect that we stood talking at the barnyard gate while I sharpened my jackknife." "Ya-as," said the old soldier, "so you did. But, say, wherever did ye put that whetstone? I looked for it a dozen times, but I never could find it after the day you used it. We 'lowed as how mebbly you took it along with ye." "No," said Lincoln, "I put it on top of that gate-post—that high one." "Well, mebbly you did, now. Couldn't nobody else have put it up there, and none of us ever thought to look up there for it." The soldier was soon at home. He wrote at once to his friend Abe Lincoln that he had found the whetstone on top of the tall post, where it had lain untouched for fifteen years, and he did not think it would ever be lost again.

V

I have been witness of the sincere public grief at the times of the death of McKinley, Grant and Garfield, but now let me speak of the effect of Booth's deed. The people had been schooled in blood; the ghastly deeds of war were come to be familiar. But that Father Abraham was no more!—that an assassin, instead of bearing away the aid and consolation of Father Abraham, had slain him!—it surpassed even the infernal realities of war. There settled over the land a period of such gloom as history does not record of other epochs and ages. On the Sunday following, the Wednesday following, through the slow weeks thereafter, men heard the passionate sobbings of their eloquent of speech, and truly were broken-hearted in the general woe. It was like the Last Day is painted. It seemed the air was thick and sulphurous. Men were too sick with sorrow to call for vengeance, or to pronounce the name of the wretched man who had betrayed his race. It was an awful crime against Mercy, Charity, Peace—all the sweet angels.

Thus suddenly passed a great moral hero. He, more than any other man of whom the books preserve long narratives, was a living example of the efficacy of gentleness and moral suasion as auxiliaries of force and arms. In all our catalogues of men he stands as the foremost personal example of patience and forbearance. Patriots named him their savior; slaves hailed him their liberator; orphans considered him their father.

Without extinction is Liberty! without retrograde is Equality!

They live in the feelings of young men, and the best women;

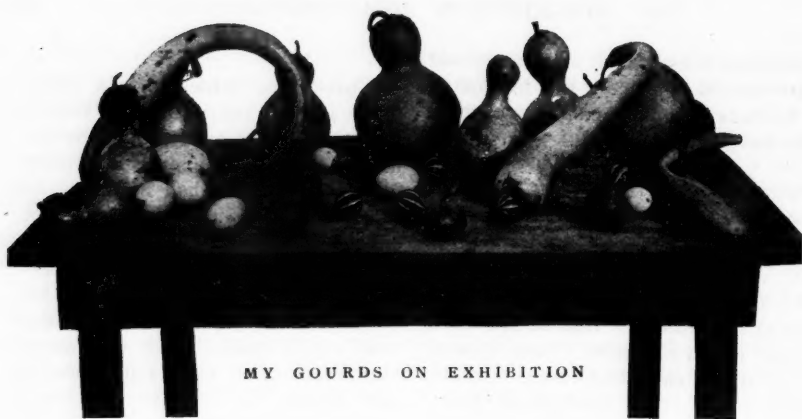
Not for nothing have the indomitable heads of the Earth been always ready to fall for Liberty.

* * * * *

For the Great Idea!

That, O my brethren, — that is the mission of Poets.

— Walt Whitman (*"Marches Now the War is Over."*)



MY GOURDS ON EXHIBITION

GOURDS AND THEIR USES.

By Kate Sanborn

Author of "Adopting An Abandoned Farm," etc
"BREEZY MEADOWS," METCAL, MASSACHUSETTS

GOURDS are queer things, and very little has been written about them; indeed I could find but one article in Poole's invaluable Index, and that was by Grant Allen, the English scientist. He devoted several pages to Gourds and Bottles, beginning with a description of his purchase of two gourd-shaped vases at a Moorish shop. At the wine shop next door he discovered a string of gourds which seemed to have been models for the Kabyle vases. He bought two of these and hung them up as a perpetual reminder of the true origin of all bottles known either to barbarous or civilized peoples. He says that even the familiar brown glass receptacle out of which we pour Bass's beer derives its shape ultimately from the Mediterranean gourd; and every other form of bottle in the known world is equally based, in the last report, upon some member of the gourd family.

Gourds have never been properly

recognized, for on them, with their close congeners, the tropical calabashes, the entire art and mystery of pottery ultimately depend. Their shapes are manifold; there is the common, double-bulging form, constricted in the middle—the little bulb above and the big one below, used so frequently as a water bottle; the flask shape and the bowl; egg shapes from the size of a hen's egg to that of an ostrich; some resemble pears, others are close imitations of oranges in size and color; some look like cucumbers and a few aspire to a trombone effect. Besides, gourds, while growing, can be made to assume almost any desired form by tying strings or wire around their rind. Mr. Allen says he has seen gourds treated in this manner which have been twisted into the semblance of powder-horns or wallets, and others which have been induced to ring themselves 'round half a dozen times over till they looked like beads on a

necklace. The African calabashes are often six feet long and eighteen inches around.

The gourd is a cucumber by family, belonging to the same great group as the melon, the pumpkin, and the vegetable marrow, all annuals, all with tremendous vegetative energy. Whittier evidently knew this, for in his poem on "The Pumpkin" he says:

"O, greenly fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich
melon run."

"Probably man's earliest lesson in the fictile art was accidental; savages putting water to warm in a gourd, over the camp-fire, would smear wet clay on the bottom, to keep it from burning; when the clay was fine enough, it would form a mold, bake hard in shape and be used again and again in the same way, and at last be used more than the original gourd, which would soon be burnt out." So cooking utensils of various shapes easily originated.

At the close of his most interesting article, Grant Allen says: "I believe it would be possible so to arrange all the ceramic products of other nations in a great museum, along a series of divergent radial lines from certain fixed centers, that the common origin of all from each special sort of gourd or calabash would become immediately obvious to the most casual observer." It is refreshing to me to get an entirely new idea like that, and I gladly pass it along with my own little experience.

Walking along Broadway one October afternoon, I was attracted by a collection of large gourds dug out for drinking-cups, dippers, vases and bottles and for sale on a little stand by a street vendor. I purchased two, and use one as a hanging basket for vines and the other as a dipper to water the flowers in my tiny conservatory. This set me to looking up gourds, and precious little could I find.

The Bible and Shakespeare each con-

tribute; six verses are devoted to the gourd which protected Jonah, and in Shakespeare's time loaded dice were called gourds. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor," we read:

For gourd and fulham holds
And "high" and "low" beguile the rich and
poor.

In Orlando Furioso we learn that gourds were used in the Middle Ages for corks.

Food for the departed is left by New Zealanders in sacred calabashes.

A traveler assures us that there is nothing more exhilarating than the clang of gourds, half a dozen of them, tossing in the air, and being beaten by savage palms in a hula-hula dance.

Alice Morse Earle, in her "Home Life in Colonial Days," says that gourds were plentiful on the farm, and gathered with care, that the hard-shelled fruit might be shaped into simple drinking-cups. In Elizabeth's time silver cups were made in the shape of these gourds. Gourd shells made capital skimmers, dippers and bottles.

Mrs. Clay of Alabama, in her book, "A Belle of the Fifties," says while recounting the hardships endured by southern women during the very uncivil Civil War: "For the making of our toilettes, we discovered the value of certain gourds when used as wash-cloths. Their wearing qualities were wonderful; the more one used them, the softer they became."

Gourds are especially cultivated in China, for they are emblems of happiness and it was the custom of the Empress to offer one with her own white hands to each of the dignitaries who come to pay his court to her, in exchange for the magnificent presents he brought her. So says Pierre Loti in his story of "The Last Days of Peking."

One curious variety is the Mock Orange, or Chili-Coyote, or the Calabazilla. The rough, ill-smelling foliage of



A PRIZE TO THE GOURD-RAISER WHO BEATS THIS

the Chili-Coyoté is a common sight in California, where it is found trailing over many a field; but woe to the negligent farmer who allows the pest to get foothold, for it will cost him a small fortune to eradicate it. It sends down into the earth an enormous root six feet long and often as broad. When the gourds are ripe, these vines look like the dumping ground for numerous poor, discarded oranges.

Notwithstanding its unsavory character, the various parts of this vine are

put to use, especially among the Spanish-Californians and Indians. The root is a purgative more powerful than croton-oil; when pounded to a pulp it is used as a soap which cleanses as nothing else can. The leaves are highly valued for medicinal purposes and the pulp of the green fruit, mixed with soap, is said to remove stains from clothing. The Indians eat the seeds when ground and made into a mush. The early Californian women used the gourds as darning balls,

Do you want to raise some gourds? Any florist's catalogue will furnish a long list from which to select. I bought all the varieties, and the result was something amazing. All responded nobly, true to description. Large, very large, small, tiny and medium sizes—the shapes were wonderful and the colors beautiful. I exhibited some of the most curious at a country fair where they received admiring attention, for few knew what they were. I had a lot dug out for dippers, cups, vases, and how pretty vines looked peeping out from the holes in a large specimen which measured nearly a yard in circumference at the largest part, sixteen inches at the neck and seven at the top. Many were given to friends for darning balls; the pear-shaped beauties striped in green, yellow and a white line, I found, would take an autograph and a quotation, and so served as souvenirs of a visit to Breezy Meadows; *a la* the Chinese Empress.

I suggest that some money could be made by cultivating gourds; training them in odd or artistic shapes, then removing the pulp from the shells, and so revive the popularity and usefulness of these interesting growths. For two years I have trained the common pumpkin as a running vine on a wire trellis; the blossoms are numerous and brilliantly effective, while the gorgeous pumpkins would hang securely from a slender stalk apparently as content as when on the ground, half buried in leaves. Do try that another Spring; you will be delighted.

I read that the size of a pumpkin ranges from the dimensions of an apple to fifty or seventy pounds in weight. In England, it has been suggested that railway banks might be made productive of a great quantity of human food by planting them with gourds, as pumpkins and cucumbers.

And that's all I know of this subject.



"WE, THE PEOPLE"

By Sarah D. Hobart

FALL RIVER, WISCONSIN

I

FOR our own birthright and the right of those,
Our children's children, who shall fill our place,
To shield the land from rupture and disgrace,
And turn undaunted faces to her foes,—
We claim that freedom which our laws disclose
As meet and best for all the human race.
The primal instinct nothing can efface
That wakes the slave from shamefulest repose.
We will be free! No tyrant's clanking chain
Shall bind and deaden heart and brain and soul.
For each and all the blessing shall remain
Blending discordance in one perfect whole.
And all the hapless, through their loss and pain,
Shall strive with us toward the far-off goal.

II

Because of all the falsehood and deceit
That mark the records of the ages past,—
The dawning day with darkness overcast,
The hope whose promise only came to fleet,—
We spread a pathway for the nation's feet,
A glorious way that shall forever last.
With ours the common lot of all is cast,
The march is joined and there is no retreat.
We will be true. From farthest sea to sea,
Our word shall stand unchallenged, unforsworn:
On outmost heights the banner of the free
For truth and right shall be forever borne:
Our righteous laws, our ultimate decree,
Shall be the refuge of the most forlorn

III

Because of all the travail and the woe
Through which the race has passed to reach this height,
We will not with our evil cloud the light
That dawned on ruined altars long ago.
Each for the rest, our human tide shall flow
A mighty flood against the walls of night;
And wrong shall perish in its own despite,
And greed lie buried in its overthrow.
We will be just; no soul within our bound
Shall be defrauded of his manly due;
No cringing, goaded slave shall here be found;
No victim for requital vainly sue.
Our widening lands shall all be hallowed ground
Bearing a people holy, brave and true.

The K·K·K



By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

PREFACE

FEW intelligent persons in this country can have failed to note the rapid growth of mob law among us in the last few years. Formerly the punishment of offenders was the business of the courts, and illegal executions in the name of justice were never resorted to except in rare instances when some deed of peculiar atrocity stirred an entire community to frenzy. Now human beings are frequently sent out of the world by hasty assemblages of excited men, not only in open defiance of the authorities but often where the offense charged would not have been punishable with death under the law. In some instances, to our shame as a people be it said, the irresponsible mob has burned helpless cap-

tives at the stake, thus introducing to an enlightened country a practice hitherto unknown except among the most cruel savages.

Surely the time has come when serious inquiry should be made into the causes back of this rapidly growing evil, with the view of staying its further progress if possible. Having been for a number of years the judge of a court in my state with criminal jurisdiction, I have become convinced that the only reason why good citizens countenance mob violence is that they have lost faith in the ability of the courts to deal effectually with crime. They weary of the delay attending criminal prosecutions, and the frequent failure of justice in the

end exasperates them. If this be true then the remedy for mob law is to substitute for it speedy trial and prompt punishment of all offenders, through our regularly established courts of justice.

In dealing with criminals, we had for the present better err on the side of too much despatch than to pursue further the procrastinating methods that have awakened a protest in the minds of thousands of the soberest men in the country, and brought some portions of our wide republic to the verge of anarchy.

In framing the present story it was my purpose to show on the one hand how easily the vengeance of a mob may be misplaced, and on the other how provoking to the patience of those interested in the suppression of crime and the preservation of order must be the progress of a modern criminal trial as it drags its slow length along through the courts. Some of the incidents here narrated are real, others fictitious, and I have endeavored to weave them all into

a story that, while carrying a moral with it, would not be without interest to the general reader. The name of the book, I may add, was taken from that of a secret society, which, soon after the close of the Civil War, was organized in my community for the purpose of administering speedy justice to evil-doers at a time when this end could not be attained through the courts. The title, therefore, when chosen, was not without significance to me, though doubtless it will be meaningless to most of those who glance over my pages.

I am aware of the fact that this story lacks the polish it would have possessed had it come from more skillful hands. It was written, however, for the honest purpose of striking at a grave existing evil, and, such as it is, I send it forth without apology, hoping it may find a few friends among the millions of readers in this great country, and be in the end productive of some good.

The Author

I

IN WHICH THE READER IS TAKEN TO A GOODLY LAND AND INTRODUCED TO PLEASANT COMPANY

IF you ever take occasion to descend the Cumberland river by steamer from Nashville, Tennessee, you will observe on the right bank of that picturesque stream, not far from the rapids called Harpeth Shoals, a rolling tract of highlands extending for some distance along your route and stretching as far back into the interior as the eye can reach. This highland territory is known to the dwellers within its borders and the good folk of the region roundabout as "The Marrowbone Hills." It embraces a considerable expanse of country, but as it recedes northwardly narrows some distance out from the river into a long

and precipitous neck of upland, which, for some mysterious reason, has been dubbed "Paradise Ridge." I say for some mysterious reason this rugged elevation has been so designated, but the old settlers thereabouts will tell you that the "movers," trekking from Carolina and Virginia, a hundred years ago, and encountering this formidable obstacle in their path, named it "Paradise Ridge" in fine scorn. Lumbering farm wagons, often a dozen or more together, constituted the transportation trains of that early period, and to surmount this frowning barrier with such a vehicle, well laden with wife, children and household

goods, was a feat scarcely paralleled by the notable one of Bonaparte's crossing the Alps. In spite of vigorous application of the lash and the liberal use of profanity, the desperate teams often stalled here on the upward climb, and when the summit at last was reached and the descent on the opposite side begun, the situation was found to be changed by no means for the better.

Notwithstanding locked wheels and constant tugging against the breeching on the part of the hindmost mules, the conveyance now went forward at headlong rate, bumping against huge boulders, and scattering the fearful housewife's plunder, with now and then a few of the children, promiscuously along the route. Oftentimes spokes and tires were smashed, axles broken, or tongues shattered, and it took days to mend up and start afresh on the journey to a new home in the wilderness. All this was in the good old times that we dream so fondly about, and which nobody in his senses would like to have restored. The railroad from St. Louis to Nashville now cleaves in twain this exasperating Paradise Ridge, and the sleepy traveler may glide smoothly down from Ridgetop to Baker's, at the foot, without ever being aroused from his nap.

The Marrowbone Hills, however, lie back of the narrow ridge just described, which stretches out from among them like the crooked handle of a gourd. The hill country proper is a pleasant land, where moderate heights and fertile valleys, wooded tracts, cleared fields and running waters greet the eye of the traveler in agreeable diversity. The soil, even on the steep hillsides, yields a fair return to honest labor, and the atmosphere, owing to the general elevation of the country, is bracing and healthy nearly all the year 'round. The plain farmer folk who till the earth and spend their days here seldom achieve, or aspire to, great wealth, but they constitute a manly class who hold their

heads up and generally manage — as they themselves frequently boast — to get through life without begging, borrowing or stealing.

Close to the borders of this hill region may be seen a singular succession of high, conical mounds, called knobs; and beyond these stretches a broad, level expanse of country as productive and beautiful to the eye as ever the crow flew over. In this lowland territory the dwellers are more pretentious than on the hills, and the soil for the most part is cultivated by negroes. These, as elsewhere at the South, constitute a class to themselves, and would prove more satisfactory as laborers but for their unfortunate propensity to shift their dwelling places with a frequency that is discouraging to the land-owner, and oftentimes baffling to the would-be collectors of poll tax. As it is, the relation between the two races is by no means unkindly, though the negroes are a little too suspicious of the good intentions of the whites, and the latter, as a rule, too prone to charge up to the inferior race all offenses of whatever description that cannot be immediately traced to some other source.

At the time when my story begins — for I may as well confess now to the gentle reader that it is my purpose to inflict upon him a narrative in which fact is more or less mingled with fiction — there stood within the confines of the hill country, but not far from the border line, the substantial log house of an old woman who had dwelt there in peace and comparative comfort nearly all her days. She owned a snug little farm about her home, or rather, had a life interest in the property, for the fee at her death vested in her granddaughter, a comely girl of some eighteen years, who dwelt with her. The old lady, Mrs. Susan Bascombe, was altogether illiterate, but honest, independent, courageous beyond most of her sex, and possessed of a fund of native

good sense which stood her often in hand when mere "book-l'arnin'" would have been of no avail. She was quite an original character—this Widow Bascombe, as she was usually called—decidedly sharp-tongued when she fancied occasion demanded, but as a general thing kindly in her deportment toward others and very popular with her neighbors.

Her granddaughter and namesake was, I make bold to say, as handsome and spirited a damsel as could have been found within the length and breadth of the Marrowbone Hills, or, for that matter, within the whole country far and near, without restriction of territory. The father and mother of the girl had both died when she was a wee thing and left her to the care of the old lady, who had raised her and endeavored to train her up in the way she should go. As she grew to womanhood the neighbors about did not fail to note that she had inherited from her grandmother a tall and shapely person and that she resembled the old widow also in being the possessor of a strong character, of which self-reliance constituted the principal trait. In one particular the girl had decidedly the advantage of the elder female, and that was in the matter of education. She had trotted back and forth as a child to the rough log school-house in her neighborhood—wagging often under a load of books that would have borne her down if she had not been strong for her years—and had so acquired smattering information upon many subjects and genuine knowledge of a few. She was quick-witted, like her grandmother, and very ambitious, so that the pupil who stood above her in her classes was required to rise early and retire late. At this backwoods institution little Sue Bascombe, having no sensational novels to devour, acquired a taste for solid reading which she afterward cultivated at home in the midst of increasing household duties. By the

time she had donned long skirts and abandoned her school satchel she was quite a superior sort of young person, mentally as well as physically, and could more justly have been deemed thoroughly accomplished than many a graduate from a famed city academy.

The house where the two women dwelt was a double log structure with an open passageway between the lower rooms, such as are still quite common in that part of the country. It was a storey and a half high and the two contracted apartments above were used, the one as a general lumber room, the other as a snug dormitory, where the grateful wayfarer was allowed to repose in a fat feather-bed, with about six inches of breathing space betwixt his nose and the well-seasoned rafters overhead. The genteel room of the mansion was below and across the open passageway from that occupied by the widow and her granddaughter. This special company room had great brass dog-irons on the hearth, in the well-scrubbed knobs of which one might detect his own countenance dancing about when the fire was briskly ablaze. There was a high-post bed here, with a canopy overhead, which was seldom occupied, and indeed was kept more for ornament than utility. A young man of scholastic attainments and solemn demeanor boarded with the family during the pedagogic months of the year; but though he was permitted to use the company room for chat and study during his sojourn, he was required always to betake himself to the cuddly apartment upstairs when bedtime came. He was now absent upon his Summer vacation, whiling away the time with some distant relatives who had consented to supply him with food and lodging for the benefit of his society.

The schoolmaster being away, the old lady and her granddaughter were left alone in the house, but they were not apprehensive of danger or specially

lonely, for they were not timid and had come to derive a good deal of comfort from each other's society. Besides, there were kindly neighbors scattered around them, and visits from one or more of these was an almost daily occurrence. On the widow's farm, about a half-mile from the dwelling, a negro named Sandy Kinchen lived in a single-room cabin with his wife and one child. His closest friend was a little dog of the fox-terrier variety, and the general opinion in regard to them both was that they were no better than they should be. This Kinchen, with his dog at his heels, would tramp the country all night in search of 'coons and 'possums, or on worse business, but could seldom be induced to tread a corn furrow or tobacco row by day with the view of paying his rent or earning a support for his family. He was indeed a worthless fellow, and little thought of by the neighbors, many of whom expressed surprise that the old widow would suffer him to loaf about on her premises. Leaving his laziness out of the question, however, no worse was suspected of him as yet than that he cherished an undue fondness for watermelons not grown in his own patch and chickens that roosted away from his wife's hen-house.

At the time of the year which I write — it was an evening in early June — the leaves on the trees had but recently come to full growth and there was a newness and freshness about the verdure everywhere that presently would be dulled by the scorching heat of Summer and the dust from the roads and fields. The sun had just disappeared behind the crest of a high hill that loomed up in the early back of the old farm-house and a deep shadow had crept across the yard and was now encroaching upon a little piece of meadow land that lay in front beyond the highway. Sue Bascombe had stood for some minutes in the open doorway of the family room, looking down the road toward the

level country, as if she expected someone to approach from that direction. Near the center of the room her grandmother sat in a split-bottomed chair smoking a cob pipe. Early as the hour was, the two had supped and all evidences of the evening meal had been cleared away. The girl stood in the open doorway with her arms folded and her head resting carelessly against the framework on her right. She was trim and square-shouldered, with a good suit of black hair and eyes to match. A stranger could not have failed to notice the striking resemblance between herself and grandmother, notwithstanding the great disparity in their ages.

"You needn't look so hard, Sue," remarked the old lady, removing the pipe from her mouth as she spoke. "Looking won't fetch him, child."

"I'm not trying to fetch him," answered the girl with a trace of resentment at the insinuation, "If he doesn't want to come, he can stay away."

The old woman laughed. "Somebody would have a fit of the blues ef he did," she replied, and began sucking at her pipe-stem again.

The girl made no answer. Her grandmother smoked on in silence a while longer. Then she continued between whiffs: "Wal, wal, honey, I ain't a blamin' you for bein' a little anxious. I 'members the time when I'd a been anxious too ef my beau hadn't turned up jest at the very minute he sot. Gals is gals; gals is gals."

"I'm not anxious, Granny," remarked the young lady in the doorway.

"Naw, you ain't, and yit you is. Wal, wal, I used to be a gal myself, and I find fault with no person for bein' a gal. Times has changed, though, sence I was a gal. Laws a mussy, jess to think how times has changed. The Pearsons, they used to be regular high-flyers, and your grandpappy, you know, he was a over-seer—"

"I hope he was a good one," inter-

jected Sue, who had family pride of the right sort.

"That's what-he was," replied the old woman promptly. "He was giv' up to be the best in all the country. Up and down, far and wide, there wa'n't no better overseer than Lemuel Bascombe, and them that says to the contrary tells what ain't so. Times has changed, though, as I was a sayin'; times has changed. Laws a mussy, jess to think of it! This here world moves round and round; and some goes up while some comes down. That's a true word as ever was spoke. Your grandpappy, Lemuel Bascombe—folks called him Lem for short—used to oversee for Ran Pearson's daddy. That was in the old times, child, the old times. One lived at the big house then and t'other at the quarter. I remember it all as well as if it had been yistiddy. Mighty stuck up, I tell you, was ole Mis Pearson, Ran's mammy; mighty stuck up; mighty stuck up. When she driv by in her carriage she hilt her head high, and was jess as like not to speak to a body as to speak. Proud she was, I tell you, and her ways was ways of grandeur. That was in the long time ago, and now here's her own dear son a hitchin' his hoss at my gate and a comin' in to keep company with my granddarter. Wal, wal; will wonders never cease?"

"He needn't come, I'm sure, unless he wants to," retorted Miss Sue, tossing her head.

"Mighty uppish, mighty uppish," replied old Mrs. Bascombe, surveying her granddaughter, however, with considerable pride as she spoke. "Wal, wal; we'll let bygones be bygones—that's the best way. Ran Pearson is a clever fellow, Sue; and it never hurt anybody yit that he come of a good fambly. Even a dog of good breed is better'n a low-down cur. Ran is a gentleman, a gentleman born, and a gentleman in his ways, and them what says to the contrary tells what ain't so. To be sho, to be

sho, he's gittin' along now to be considerable of a old bachelor, considerable of a old bachelor, but he can't help that."

"He's not forty yet," replied the girl.

"Ef he ain't," replied the old woman, "he's so nigh thar ain't no fun in it. Lemme see," taking her pipe from her mouth to reflect, "come thirty-nine year next November—or was it thirty-eight? But that's neither here nor thar. Ran is old enough to be stiddy, and yit he ain't hurt with age. That much anybody can say for him and tell no lie. He ain't put on specks yit and he's still supple in his j'int's; but he's gittin' along, gittin' along, Ran is. Ef him and a right spry young chap was sparkin' the same gal, I'm afraid he'd git left; but when it's a race 'twixt him and a poke-easy fellow like the schoolmarster—I'll lay my last dollar on Ran."

"The schoolmaster, fiddlesticks," rejoined the young lady impatiently. "Who's thinking of him?"

"Ah, never mind, never mind," answered the old woman. "I tell you what—"

"What does he care for me, I'd like to know?" interrupted the girl.

"He cares a heap for you," replied her grandmother, "and you know it as well as you know you're standin' thar."

"He wouldn't give a page of his dry Latin and Greek for the best girl in Marrowbone Hills," said Miss Sue.

"He'd put all his books in a pile and burn 'em for Sue Bascombe; and you needn't let on like you don't think he would," replied the old lady.

"He's downright stupid," cried Miss Sue from her place in the doorway. "He's stupid as an owl, for all he's so dreadfully wise."

"He's a fine young fellow," answered old Mrs. Bascombe, "and the best gal in the country might be proud to git him."

"I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for him," said Sue, suiting the action

to the word, and snapping her middle finger sharply against her thumb.

"You mout go further and do wuss," retorted the old woman, who never allowed herself to be worsted in debate if she could help it.

What further would have followed between these two high-spirited females must forever remain a matter of conjecture, for at this moment the sound of a horse's feet was heard up the road and the girl abruptly left the doorway. She lit a candle that stood on a little shelf against the wall—it was now growing dark in the room—and taking up a brush and comb began to arrange her hair. She did not need to primp much, for she had been expecting her visitor, but a few touches at the last moment are never out of place. The mirror before which she stood was an old-fashioned looking-glass, with two ships depicted at the top sailing over a singularly blue sea. About half her figure was reflected in this, and she had no reason to be dissatisfied with the hurried inspection she took of her person. After a few moments spent in tidying, she blew out the candle, and, crossing the open passageway into the spare room, lit a lamp that stood on a center table there. The old woman, without invitation, arose and followed her. She was fond of company, and she didn't believe in leaving unmarried people of different sexes to themselves. She took her seat in a large arm-chair by the lamp and began knitting industriously, rocking back and forth as she did so. Sue went to the window curtains and gave them a shake, though there wasn't anything specially the matter with them. She then searched the corners of the room with a keen eye for cobwebs, but none was visible. A step was now heard in the passage, and afterward a rap on the bare floor, made with the heavy end of a riding-whip or the heel of a boot.

"Come in," cried Sue.

The visitor who entered at this invita-

tion looked to be forty years of age, if he wasn't. The hair on the summit of his head was decidedly thin, so much so that his pate glistened through it in places, but it could not be fairly said as yet that he was bald. His face was serious—a good, honest face one would say—and in manner he was rather retiring. Indeed, there was a sort of stiffness about him as he returned their salutation, which indicated that he was not entirely at ease in company; and this perhaps was the highest compliment he could have paid those on whom he had called. It was convincing proof that while the old woman might have considered it a half-condescension on his part to visit them, there was no such idea predominant in his own mind. Randolph Pearson always felt somewhat constrained in the presence of females, for he had never been a society man. His father had been wealthy, but extravagant, and the son at his death inherited from him a comparatively small patrimony. He had added to this materially, however, by frugality, sobriety and strict attention to his business, and by pursuing this course for a number of years had finally won for himself among the good ladies of the vicinity the double reputation of being a desirable catch and a confirmed old bachelor. He had begun casting a wistful eye upon the Bascombe girl while she was yet tramping to and from the country school-house, loaded down with books. When she grew up to be a young lady, and a handsome one to boot, he made bold to call upon her, and as this was a startling step for a man of his habits, his first visit set the tongue of rumor wagging in his neighborhood most industriously.

Between two entertaining females, Mr. Pearson managed on this occasion to while away the time quite agreeably. He discoursed with the old lady about the best method of protecting her fowls from varmints and the safest preventive against the ravages of the potato bug in

her garden. He listened politely while she indulged in reminiscences of the days when her husband—Lem Bascombe, folks called him—was overseer for his father.

"Terbacker brought better figgers them times than nowadays. All you had to do was to haul it to the river, and it floated down natural to New Ileens. Now it's got to be loaded on the steam cars, and drug across the country away off to New Yark, and that costs money. Three acres of terbacker them times was a average crop for a field hand, and he had to tend it or take the consequences. Now, bless your life, niggers is too gentle to sile thar fingers with suckers and horn-worms. 'Stidder puttin' in thar best licks on the farm, they go trapesing about with guns, shootin' rabbits and plottin' all manner of devilment agin the whites."

Miss Sue was a party to much of the above promiscuous talk, occasionally agreeing with her grandmother, sometimes taking issue with her stoutly. Now and then a subject was sprung where the discourse for a time was necessarily between the damsel and her steady-going wooer, but on the whole it would have been difficult to tell from the drift of

the talk whether Pearson's visit was to the old lady, the young lady, or the family. He remained until nine o'clock—which is considered honest bedtime in the Marrowbone Hills—and when he took his departure the girl accompanied him out to the stile block. There presumably they had some chat of a nature customary and proper between bachelor and maiden who contemplate establishing between themselves a firmer and more lasting union. Even this confidential confab, however, was of no great duration, and, after the lapse of a further half-hour, the visitor mounted and rode away. The girl stood at the fence till the sound of the horse's feet had died away in the distance. Then she walked slowly back to the house. She fastened the windows down in the spare room, extinguished the light and locked the door. This done, she crossed the passageway to the apartment occupied by herself and grandmother. The old lady had preceded her and was now preparing for bed; but the girl took her stand again in the open doorway, as she had done in the early evening. The night was pleasant, and not very dark. There were stars a-plenty in the blue vault of the sky, but no moon.

II

A MIDNIGHT ALARM

THE girl stood in the doorway and looked up at the sky and out into the dim night for some time. "Somehow, I feel lonesome tonight, Granny," she said, after a while, without turning her head. "I wonder what's the matter with me?"

"Go to bed, go to bed," said the old woman, "and git up early in the mornin', an' let's have breakfast betimes."

The girl made no reply, but continued looking out across the little meadow in front of the house. She could discern

dim outlines beyond, but no objects could be distinguished. A screech-owl, from a dead tree in the wood, set up his harrowing cry.

"Heigho," said the girl, after a silence of some minutes, "somehow I feel lonesome tonight."

"Go to bed, go to bed," repeated the old woman. "Thar ain't but two ways to drive off a lonesome feel. One is to drap off to sleep and furgit it; t'other is to lay to and work like the mischief."

"What was that Mr. Pearson said

about the robbers breaking into Lipscombe's house and stealing his watch and money?"

"He said they done it, that's all."

"Tramps?" inquired the girl.

"Niggers," answered the old woman.

"I know in reason they was niggers. In these parts they is gettin' wuss and wuss. They always would take little things when nobody wa'n't lookin'. Now they break in at night and rob and murder, and the Lord knows what. I dunno what the country is a comin' to."

"It was last Saturday night, he said."

"Yes, Sadday night, Sadday night. That's the devil's own night. Low-lived folks makes out to kinder behave themselves during the week, but let Sadday night come and they loads up on mean whiskey and plays the wild. Whiskey and the devil go together, and have done so sence the world begun."

"This is Saturday night, Granny."

"So 'tis, so 'tis. I clean forgot. Wal, mark my words; the next time you read your paper you'll find whar some devilment's been did tonight. Thar was Abe Standfield, for an insty, a ridin' home on a Sadday night, and shot down dead from a cornder of the fence. Johnny Allbright was tuck up for it and it went pooty hard with him."

"Did they hang him?"

"Naw, naw; naw, naw. They seesawed and seesawed 'twixt courts and courts with him. They drug him here and thar, and lawyers, judges, witnesses and clerks all sot on him more times 'n I've got fingers and toes. They worried him till his head turned gray, and after so long a time 'mongst hands of 'em they got all his money and turned him loose."

"Is he dead now?"

"Dead, child, dead. I seed him atter he was laid away in his coffin, and thar wa'n't none of the trouble in his face that they said the lawyers and judges had writ thar while he was passin' through the deep waters. Dead and

gone, dead and gone these many years is Johnny Allbright, like so many more I have know'd in this sorrowful world."

The screech-owl, from the dead tree in the wood, repeated its tremulous, plaintive cry again and again, again and again.

"Come to bed," said the old woman, who had already lain down. "Ye ain't a-goin' to stan' thar all night, be ye, Sue?"

The girl stepped back into the room and closed the door. She undressed in a few minutes, knelt down and said her prayers and retired for the night. There were two beds in the room. Her grandmother occupied one in a corner near the door, she the other on the opposite side of the room. By her bed was a window, which was often left open on sultry Summer nights. The sash was raised now, but the blind was closed.

The screech-owl, from the dead tree in the wood, kept repeating its mournful cry. At regular intervals its pitiful plaint broke the stillness of the night, again and again, again and again.

"I wish it would quit," cried the girl after a while, in the darkness. She had been endeavoring in vain to compose herself to sleep.

"Some say the thing sees haunts," replied the old woman. "For my part, I don't believe in no sich. If livin' folks will let me alone I ain't afeerd of the dead ones."

"It makes my flesh creep," said the girl impatiently. "I believe I'll go out and shoo it away."

"Go to sleep, go to sleep," replied the old woman. "Don't be skeered out of your senses by a night bird. Screech owls has been hollerin' around this house for thirty years, and no harm ain't befell us yit."

The old woman dropped into a doze and then into profound slumber. The girl continued restless and wakeful in spite of herself. She counted a hundred backward, fixed her mind on uninterest-

ing subjects, tried all the plans she had ever heard of for wooing sleep, but her faculties remained keenly alive to all that was passing about her. The night bird at last flew away. Its constantly recurring plaint came no more to startle her and banish repose from her pillow. Other sounds familiar to the night succeeded, but these smote not so discordantly upon her ear. An old cow on a neighboring farm bellowed a long time, presumably for her missing calf. So far away was the sound that it was mellowed by distance, and, though vexed a little at first, she was finally soothed by it. Fainter and fainter grew the note, till now it died away entirely. Either the anxious call had ceased to float over field and timberland or the drowsy ear of the maiden had grown too dull to catch it.

It was now past midnight, and the occupants of the old house were both asleep. In the immediate vicinity, and through all the region of the Marrowbone Hills, stillness reigned, broken only by the usual noises of the night. From some lonely farmhouse the hoarse bark of a watchdog arose occasionally to warn unseen intruders away. An old rooster, safely perched among the pullets in his henhouse, awoke, crew drowsily

and went to sleep again. A prowling fox near by turned his ear toward the inspiring note, hesitated a while, then trotted off down the deserted road, his stealthy footfall giving back no sound. Through all the region of the Marrowbone Hills almost unbroken stillness reigned. Suddenly penetrating for a long distance the quiet of the night, the shrill cry of a human being arose. It roused in an instant all those upon whose startled ears it fell, for it was unmistakably the cry of a woman in distress. Many of those who heard it left their beds, and in more than one habitation opened their doors to listen. The note of alarm arose the second time, more vehemently than at first, but abruptly ended, as if cut short by some violent agency.

Now the sky above the place from which the wild cry of distress had come began to glow faintly. Soon it became a dull red, then brightened, and all the heaven was lit. Long streaks of light climbed next toward the zenith, and a ruddy blaze leaped high amid a thick volume of ascending smoke. Those who had been called hurriedly from their beds were at no loss to determine the spot from which the flames arose. The old Bascombe house was on fire.

III

SWIFT RETRIBUTION FOLLOWS A FEARFUL CRIME

"HANG him! hang him! hang him!"

The captive negro struggled for a while in the midst of the crowd of infuriated white men. Then he paused and gasped for breath; then by a sudden wrench jerked himself loose from the strong hand that had gripped his collar and fled into the darkness. Over the yard fence he leaped like a deer, down the road, then out across the meadow; scarcely touching the earth with his feet, he fled for his life. His wild burst of

speed was vain, for the angry mob was at his heels, their determination to avenge as strong as his to escape. He had on no coat, but the foremost among his pursuers seized his loose shirt and snatched him violently backward to the earth.

He was a slim, black fellow, rather undersized, with low forehead, and manifestly of no high order of intelligence. Whatever guilty impulse might have prompted him a few hours before,

abject terror alone possessed him now. His teeth chattered, his eyeballs seemed about to start from their sockets, and his hurried glance from side to side showed that he meditated another break, and another desperate rush for liberty, if the slightest opportunity should again be presented.

It is wonderful how quickly news of a startling nature flies in a neighborhood where the means of communication are slight. Scarcely two hours had elapsed since the flames took possession of the Bascombe house, and now dozens of excited men were tramping the earth about the place, and more were coming in every minute. Those who first reached the spot after the alarm was given found the building nearly destroyed and old Mrs. Bascombe at some distance away, unconscious from a fearful wound on her head, but still alive. She had evidently been closer to the flames, for her lower limbs were badly burned and her nightgown had been partially consumed by fire. Hurried search was made about the premises and an ax was picked up with the blade all bloody. This, they made sure, was the weapon with which the fearful gash on the old woman's head had been inflicted.

Sue Bascombe was by her grandmother's side when the first visitors reached the scene of the tragedy, and to these she related with singular calmness the startling incidents of the night. As she lay after midnight in light slumber, she was suddenly awakened by steps on the floor of the open passage between the two lower rooms of the house. The next moment, without preliminary knock or demand for admittance, some heavy object was dashed violently against the door leading from the passage into the room which she and her grandmother occupied. There was a slight interval and then a second blow, more violent if possible than the first, was delivered. Old Mrs. Bascombe, who was uncommonly active for one of

her years, arose and made for the door near her bed, which opened into the front yard. As the quickest method of egress for herself, the girl undid the bolt of the window close at hand and leaped through the open space into the back yard just as someone entered the room over the fragments of the shattered door. She saw at a glance the outlines of a man's figure, but it was too dark to distinguish features. Not knowing how many others were behind the intruder, and supposing her grandmother had escaped, she followed the instinct of self-preservation and fled into the thick copse that covered the hillside behind the house. She ran in her bare feet over the heavy stones, how far she hardly knew. Then she stopped for breath, and as she did so heard the old widow's uplifted voice that alarmed the neighborhood. Without hesitation she started back to her relief. Then the second outcry arose, which was quickly suppressed, and for a time all about the house was still. The girl stole softly down the hill now, till she almost reached the yard fence. Flames from the burning house lit up the space around; she heard hurrying footsteps, voices and the bark of a dog. Determined, at all hazard, to ascertain her grandmother's fate, she ventured forward and found the old woman lying senseless on the ground, a little way off from the burning dwelling. No one else was near, for the brutal assailants, whoever they were, had fled from the scene of the crime.

This was the tale Sue Bascombe told to those who, roused by the fire and the wild cry in the night, hurried to her ruined home. She was herself barefooted and in her nightgown, but clothing was soon brought for her from the house of the nearest neighbor.

Old Mrs. Bascombe lay out in her yard, unconscious and apparently near death's door. They gave her whiskey, sent off for a doctor and applied such palliatives to her wounds as were at

hand. Little else could be done, however, except to stanch the flow of blood from her head by liberal applications of cold water and to lessen temporarily the pain of her burns by the use of wet bandages. Presently, under the influence of the liberal stimulant that had been administered, she began to revive.

"Did they ketch him?" she cried suddenly, opening her eyes wide, and striving to rise. "Whar's Sandy Kinchen?"

They crowded about her and listened for more, but the effort had exhausted her and she sank into a stupor again. A man at her side took her by the arm and shook her rather roughly. She opened her eyes again and stared at him. He stooped down and asked in a loud voice, though his face was close to hers:

"Say, do you hear me?"

"Yes," she answered, staring blankly at him.

"Did you see Sandy Kinchen?"

"Hey?"

He repeated the question and she gazed at him for some moments longer. Then she replied in a low tone, but distinctly:

"Yes, I seen him."

"Was he here? Is he the man that done this devilment?"

She had sunk into a stupor again. He shook her by the arm, but she made no answer. He shook her again more roughly, but she only uttered unintelligible words.

"Let her alone, let her alone," cried those standing around. "Don't worry a dying woman. Hang the man who committed this outrage. Catch him and hang him."

Then another one of the crowd spoke up, addressing Sue Bascombe:

"Did you say you heard the bark of a dog?"

"Yes, I heard that," replied the girl.

"Was it Kinchen's little dog?"

She hesitated and turned a little red in the face. "I—I thought so," she re-

plied, "but I will not say that."

"Hang him! hang him! hang him!" now the cry arose on every hand. "Hang the scoundrel who did this murder!"

In a few minutes dozens of men were scouring the country for the negro tenant whose name the old woman had pronounced, and whose dog was known to be his close attendant upon all occasions. They went at once to the cabin where he dwelt, but he was not there. He had left soon after dark, his wife said, with the little dog, and she had not seen him since. Presently they came upon him hiding behind a tree, not far from the spot where the old woman lay. With blows and curses they dragged him to the scene of his crime. It was with difficulty that some of the more hasty among them were prevented from killing him on the way. The widow Bascombe was still in a stupor when they drew nigh. The doctor, who had just arrived, felt her pulse and said she had but a brief while longer to live. Her breathing could scarcely be detected and there was no speculation in her wide-open eyes. Her ghastly wound and scorched limbs cried aloud for vengeance.

The infuriated crowd pressed about the negro and strove to snatch him from the few having him in custody. "Hang him! hang him! hang him!" cried a dozen voices at once. "Burn him! burn him!" demanded others. "Throw him into the old house and burn him to death!"

"Ho-ho-hole on, gin'lemen!" exclaimed the shaking culprit, as the yells of the mob assailed him. "Ho-ho-hole on; hole on. Ye gwine too fast. Ye is in fack; ye is in fack. Dis here ole lady—dis here—dis here old lady—"

"Tell the truth, damn you," cried an angry man, shaking his clenched fist at the culprit. "What are you stuttering about?"

"Yas, sir; yas sir. I is gwy tell de trufe. 'Fo' God, gin'lemen, I is gwy tell de trufe."

"Have you been here before tonight?"

"Has I been here before tonight? Has I been here before tonight? Has I—"

"Can't you hear?" thundered the man who had before accosted him. "Speak quick and tell the truth, or you're a dead nigger."

"Yas, sir; yas, sir, I is gwy tell de true. 'Fo' God, gin'lemen, I is gwy tell de trufe."

"Have you been here before tonight?"

He looked from one to another of those about him. Then he lifted his voice and proclaimed vehemently, so that all might hear:

"'Fo' God, gin'lemen, I has not."

"The widow Bascombe told a damned lie, then, when she said you had?" cried the exasperated individual who was interrogating.

"Yas, sir; yas sir. Ef she said dat she tole a damn lie. Ef she said dat she tole a damn lie. Sho's yer born, gin'lemen. Sho's yer born."

They dragged him toward the burning house as if to cast him into the fire. It was then he managed to break away and flee for his life. When recaptured, some loudly demanded that he be burned to death, but the less savage among them prevailed. They tied his hands and took him some distance away from the spot where the old woman lay. They found a deep hollow in the wood, known as Gallows Hollow to this day. Some one had procured a strong rope from a neighboring stable, and a noose at one end of his was slipped about the prisoner's neck. He was lifted from the ground by dozens of hands and placed on the back of a gentle horse belonging to one of the party. The animal was brought to a stand directly under a stout limb branching out nearly horizontally from a scrubby tree, and an active fellow climbing up to this limb fastened the loose end of the rope to it. The malefactor sat on the horse shivering, grimacing, turning from one to another in the surging mass about him as if he

hoped to find a pitying face. More than once he essayed to speak, but the voice of the angry crowd drowned his own. Finally, when he saw they were about to lead the animal from under him, he broke again into wild and incoherent talk.

"Ho-ho-hole on, gin'lemen; ho-ho-hole on. You is fixin' to do the wrong thing. You is, in fack. You is in fack. Now I'm gwy giv you de trufe. I'm gwy give you de Gawd's trufe."

"Tell it, then. Tell it. Tell it," came from a hundred throats.

"Yas, sir; yas, sir; yas, sir. I was dar. I was dar. I drug de ole lady out'n de fire. Dat's de fack. Dat's de fack."

"You told an infernal lie then when you said just now you hadn't seen her, did you?" asked one, sneeringly.

"Yas, sir, I did. Yas, sir, I did. Sho's dar's breff in my body, gin'lemen, I tole a infernal lie. I tole a infernal lie."

At this a great uproar arose. Many were instant with loud voices: "Hang the scoundrell! Hang him, hang him!"

"Ho-ho-hole on, gin'lemen. Ho-ho-hole on, for Gawd's sake."

A young man, apparently fresh from school, had been regarding the prisoner for some moments with painful interest. He seemed to be a stranger, for he had as yet spoken to no one, and was dressed with more care than most of those about him. He looked over the turbulent throng now, and with some hesitation lifted his voice and sought to attract attention to himself.

"Gentlemen," he cried in a loud voice that trembled a little from excitement, "please listen to me a moment. We are about to do a very rash thing here tonight. I'm afraid we are about to do a very rash thing. Would it not be well to make a thorough investigation of this matter before we take a step that cannot be retraced?"

At this there was silence for a moment

or two. Then some one in the crowd propounded the not unnatural inquiry:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Robert Lee Templeton," replied the youth in a tone that showed he derived some satisfaction from imparting the information. "I do not live in your county, but being by accident in this neighborhood tonight, I saw the fire and came to it. Now, gentlemen, I submit to you again that we should do nothing rash here tonight. In so grave a matter as this we should proceed like sober-minded citizens. This negro fellow most probably deserves hanging, and if you'll turn him over to the authorities, at the proper time and in the proper manner, he'll get his dues. If he is the perpetrator of the fearful crime committed tonight, hanging is a mild punishment for him. But it does not follow that he should be hung right up here to this limb without any sort of investigation. For us to take the law in our own hands thus will bring reproach on the entire community. Besides, gentlemen, when you come to think of it, you will see that such a course must encourage all evil-disposed persons in your midst to bad deeds. When you trample the law underfoot, you teach them contempt for the law."

The young gentleman had a persuasive manner, and a clear voice that penetrated a good way. His nervousness added to his earnestness and drew toward him a considerable portion of the crowd. There is always a disposition in a promiscuous and excited assemblage to follow any one who chooses to constitute himself a leader. Most of those present on this occasion were moral, law-abiding people, not inclined, as a rule, to heed rash counsel, but greatly wrought upon now by the shocking crime that had just been committed. These were disposed to listen to the speaker, and a few drew close to him to catch his words more distinctly.

"Why have a law," continued Temple-

ton, earnestly, "and not live up to it? This fellow, I say, may be guilty—"

"Thar ain't no doubt about it," interrupted a voice from the crowd. "Not a bit—not a damned bit," echoed others.

"Very well," replied Templeton, "then there can be no doubt about the fact that he'll be hung by the sheriff as soon as his guilt can be established in the court. Let the law take hold of him right now. Surely, there ought to be some sort of deliberation when the life of a human being is at stake. Let the coroner or some legal officer take charge of this man, swear a jury and inquire into this transaction right here on the spot."

"What do yer want with the curriner?" inquired a rude fellow in the rear of the assemblage. "Thar ain't nobody dead yit."

Templeton looked rather blank at this, and another individual in the crowd undertook to enlighten him. "Coroners sits on dead folks, young fellow. You've got to have a corpse afo' you can summon a coroner's jury."

At this a laugh arose at the young man's expense. It was evident he was losing his hold upon the fickle crowd. He recovered, however, from the temporary confusion into which he had been thrown and was about to continue his plea for deliberation and more thorough investigation, when another speaker a few steps off waved his hat over his head and broke in vehemently:

"Why are we wasting time here, men, listening to this schoolboy talk about turning this scoundrel over to the courts and the lawyers? Who is it doesn't know what that means? Who is it wants to see him wrangled over for years, and finally, maybe, to go scot free on a quibble? This is no time for child's play. We've got all the proof we need, and right here, right now, we ought to deal with him. Has the old Bascome house been burned or not? Has the good old lady there been butchered with



The Lynching of Sandy Kinchen

From a drawing by M. L. Blumenthal

an ax or not? Did Sue Bascombe have to run off barefooted to the woods to escape the clutches of this devil or not? Did old Mrs. Bascombe give this nigger's name to us, or not? Did his dog bark and give him away while he was murdering her or not? What are we fooling away time for? Who dares to talk about courts and lawyers and dilly-dallying now? Do we want our homes in cold blood, or daughters hiding in the bushes from human devils? Talk about wasting a lifetime in the courts over a case like this—haven't we got sense enough to deal with this brute as he deserves? If a tiger was loose in the community would you catch him and take him to the law, or would you kill him wherever you found him? I tell you, it makes my very blood boil—"

But they stayed no further question. From all sides came fierce demands for the negro's death. "Kill the brute! kill the brute! Hang him! hang him! hang him! Let the horse go! Drive the horse from under him!" These and other furious cries rent the air, and the mob surged to and fro like a storm-beaten sea.

The young man who had called himself Templeton did his best to lull the tempest that had been raised. He lifted his voice on high and shouted with all his might: "Hold on; hold on! One word more! Give me one word more!" In the midst of the tumult there seemed still a few who favored moderate counsel. "Hear the young man; hear him," cried one or two persons in the assemblage. "Hang the damned nigger. Hang him; hang him!" shouted a dozen others.

A brutal looking fellow here forced his way into the center of the tumultuous crowd. He was a ruffian whose appearance would have attracted attention anywhere. He wore no hat, and his shaggy head of reddish hair was set on broad, stooping shoulders. His dirty, matted locks almost hid his low forehead

and his scowling eyes were so badly crossed that they both seemingly never rested on the same object at once. His arms, like those of an orang-outang, appeared too long for his body and were manifestly of prodigious strength. In his right hand he held a stout branch, which he must have wrested from some tree as he came along, and this he held uplifted as high as his long arm could reach, giving vent at the same time to hoarse, loud cries, as if to strike terror into the animal on which the pinioned negro sat.

The infuriated crowd noted the ruffian's conduct and greeted him with a yell of approval. "Strike the old horse, strike the old horse!" cried first one and then another. "Hurrah for Cross-eyed Jack," shouted others. The fellow looked about him and grinned, flourishing his branch at the same time in such a way as to set the horse nearly wild.

Templeton implored a minute's delay; a few about him cried, "Hold! hold!" but the ruffian who had been applauded as Cross-eyed Jack brought down his branch with all his might on the withers of the excited horse. With such strength did he wield his long arm that the blow was heard on the uttermost verge of the assemblage. The maddened animal plunged forward, nearly overturning the man at its head, and ran until it was halted several yards away. The desperate negro clutched the body beneath tightly with his legs, but at the first bound his frail hold was broken and he swung to and fro in the air, suspended by the neck from the strong limb above him.

Templeton, when he saw what was done, fell back from the harrowing scene. He and a few others who had urged delay were hustled unceremoniously aside, while the ruder spirits of the mob crowded to the front, treading on each other's feet in their anxiety to view the death agony of a human crea-

ture. They were not bad men — most of those who had hurriedly assembled on this occasion. It was such a crowd as might have been gathered together on short notice almost anywhere, north, south, east or west, in this great country. They were fearfully wrought upon by the horrible crime that had just been committed, but let the whole truth be told. Mob law had more than once of late been resorted to in their community, and, brutalized by its exercise, they were eager actors now in a scene from the mere contemplation of which they would at one time have shrunk in horror. Man in the moments of his loftiest inspirations may be a creature but little lower than the angels, yet the fierce instincts of a rude ancestry lurk still in his nature, ready at any unguarded moment to drag him down and make a savage of him.

The malefactor died a lingering, apparently a painful death. In his prolonged struggle his feet more than once touched the foremost of those who pressed about him. They stood by, for the most part in silence, noting closely every movement, every contortion, of his suffering frame. A few had

savage satisfaction at the pitiful spectacle depicted in their countenances; a few wore painful expressions; the majority seemed to be animated by no stronger feeling than curiosity at a novel sight. After life was extinct the bystanders gradually fell back and separated into groups, discussing the outrage that had been committed and justifying the prompt punishment of the offender. When the space immediately around the corpse had thus been cleared, a small dog, till then unnoticed, crept tremblingly forward and, crouching humbly under the negro's feet, set up a mournful howl. Of all present, the little creature was the dead man's only friend, and its desolate note ascended so sorrowfully that it touched the hearts of the rudest spirits in the assemblage. The ruffian known as Cross-eyed Jack, however, seemed stirred to ungovernable rage by it. Rushing forward with his stout branch uplifted, he aimed a blow at the dog that must have ended its existence if it had fallen as intended. Fortunately the little animal became aware of the danger in time, and springing nimbly aside fled with a yelp of mingled rage and terror from the scene.

IV

THE OLD WIDOW TELLS A PLAIN, UNVARNISHED TALE

DAY was breaking when the mob finally dispersed. One by one they had ridden away after the purpose that assembled them had been accomplished, a few only lingering until the reddening east warned them off. Before the sun rose the last loiterer had retired from the scene, leaving the dead negro alone in the woods.

The birds now began to twitter cheerfully and to spread their wings and fly from place to place in the forest. One perched upon the limb from which the lifeless body hung and by discordant

cries called others to view the grewsome sight. As the day advanced human creatures came again upon the spot. Dressed all in their Sunday best—for it was the Sabbath day—they came now in groups of two and three, gazed curiously at the suspended corpse and went their way to church or to some place of country pastime. Little boys crept softly to the spot, supped their full of horror and stole, open-eyed and open-mouthed, away. As the noon hour approached the number of visitors so increased that a path was beaten from the

highway to the spot where the dead man with his arms pinioned swung to and fro. They stood about and talked, but touched not the body of Sandy Kinchen; for while a mob of excited men might hang him up, none but the law's officers could take the responsibility of cutting him down.

It was nearly night when the coroner came. He rode gravely into the assemblage and made several circuits on horseback round the corpse before he dismounted. He had been notified early in the day that a dead man hung in the woods near the old Bascombe place, but official duty, or something else, kept him away. Perhaps he thought if he responded to the notice too promptly he might obtain more information than he cared to possess. Now he rode round and round the fatal tree, dismounted, looked into the faces of the promiscuous assemblage and said it was a bad business. He then took a well-thumbed New Testament from his pocket, swore in seven of the bystanders as jurors and proceeded to hold an inquest. Numerous witnesses were called, all of whom swore positively that they knew nothing at all about the matter in hand. Most inclined to the belief that the body now hanging stark and stiff from the limb was the body of the late Sandy Kinchen, but upon this there was some divergence of opinion. Some said it was Sandy; others said: "No, but it looks like him." All doubt on this point, however, was soon set at rest by Reuben Kinchen, brother of Sandy, who, being brought to the spot, testified without hesitation that it was the corpse of his younger brother, Sandy, swinging from the limb. The coroner then prepared his return, setting forth the fact that he and the seven jurors had viewed the body of a man there hanging dead before them, who had come to his death by violence at the hands of some person or persons unknown. The return further set forth the fact that the body of the man so

hanging dead before the jury they found from all evidence to be that of one Sandy Kinchen, a man of color. All the jurors signed this report, and the body of Sandy Kinchen was then cut down with the coroner's own knife. Reuben, who stood respectfully by, was now notified that he might take his brother Sandy off somewhere and bury him, the law being through with him.

Perhaps it occurred to Reuben that the law would have been more efficient if it had taken hold of Sandy's case in his lifetime, but if any such notion came into his head he was wise enough to keep it to himself. He remarked, as he gently straightened out his brother's legs, that his mammy had tried to raise the boy right, and that they had never known him to be guilty of such a trick before.

"He played hell when he did make a break," said one of the jurors, "and got just what he deserved for his conduct."

"I ain't 'sputin' dat, sir," replied Reuben, meekly. "Dem what sins must suffer."

Then they fell to abusing the dead man in the presence of his brother, who responded not at all. When they laid the lifeless body in a cart to be hauled away, Reuben took off his hat and said to those present: "It looks bad for Sandy now, gentlemen, but I hopes you will believe me when I tells you that afo' this we never know'd no wuss of him than that he would go meandering up and down the country of nights."

So they took Sandy Kinchen off and buried him; and from that time forth he meandered no more up and down the country of nights. Whatever might have been thought otherwise of the action of the mob, it had at least cured him of this reprehensible habit.

Old Mrs. Bascombe held on to life bravely. The doctor thought when he first saw her that she could not live an hour, but she lay in a stupor most of the

following day, muttering and babbling constantly, and occasionally uttering when aroused a few coherent words. It was thought best not to attempt to remove her from the spot where she was found, and a tent was improvised of stout cloth and set up over her. The young man who had called himself Robert Lee Templeton, and who seemed to be a handy youth as well as an obliging one, attended to the erection of this tent. He stretched it overhead so as to ward off sun and possible shower, looped up the walls so as to allow free passage for the air, and did his best in every way to add to the comfort of the desperately stricken creature who lay underneath the shelter. Sue Bascombe, the granddaughter, and most of the kindly neighbors took a fancy to him, for nothing else except sympathy and generosity of disposition could have prompted him to the course he was now pursuing. His home, they learned, was in an adjoining county. He had just graduated from college, and some errand of business or pleasure had brought him into the Marrowbone Hills at this time.

As the day advanced the old woman seemed to revive, and her mind cleared up considerably. The physician said the improvement in her condition was temporary; that for the present she was buoyed up with fever and brandy, but in a short time her system would relax and the inevitable would follow. However this might be, she certainly was better and brighter late in the afternoon following the infliction of her wound. Toward sundown she called for food, and some chicken broth having been administered by her granddaughter, she wiped her mouth with the sleeve of her gown and seemed disposed for conversation.

"Have they kitched him?" she asked in a low tone, her head turned in the direction of Sue.

The girl nodded to her in reply.

"Whar is he?" inquired the old

woman. "I want to see him."

"They had him here last night," said the girl evasively.

"Why didn't they let me know? I wanted to talk to the low-lived scoundrel."

"They asked you about him, Granny. You talked about him last night. Don't you remember?"

"I wa'n't in my right mind," replied the old woman. "Fetch him here now. I'm all right now. I want to see him, and I want him to see his work."

The girl made no answer.

"Has they jailed him?" inquired the old woman, again addressing her granddaughter. "Wal, it's all right, I reckon; all right, I reckon. I'll be thar at the trial, though. You kin count on that."

She looked around now from one to another of those about her, and inspected curiously the tent that had been erected above her. She picked at the light coverlet that had been thrown over her, which two old women in attendance whispered each other was a bad sign. She dozed a little, then roused suddenly and spoke again to the girl:

"Sandy is a good nigger," she said to her granddaughter. "I tell you he's as good as they make 'em."

The girl looked at her in surprise.

"He's as good as they make 'em," repeated the old woman. "Whar would I be now but for Sandy?"

There were some half-dozen persons in the group, and they all eyed her inquiringly.

"Whar's Sandy?" continued the old woman, looking from one to another of them. "I don't see him amongst ye. Thar ain't no occasion for him to be makin' himself skerce. He didn't make himself skerce las' night when he drug me out'n the fire, and he needn't make himself skerce now. Fetch him here; I want ye all to hear me tell him how much I'm 'bleeged to him for runnin' up at the nick of time and draggin' me out'n the fire. He's a nigger, I'll own

to that, but, nigger or no nigger, I'm beholden to him for what he done for me, and I want to tell him so. A friend in need is a friend indeed, as the school chillern write down in their copy-books. Tell Sandy to step in here; I want to see him."

A portly, middle-aged matron—one of that numerous class whose delight it always is to impart unpleasant intelligence—here leaned over, and, speaking slowly and distinctly, said to the old woman:

"They hung Sandy last night to a black-jack tree up yander on the side of the hill."

"Done which?" inquired the old woman, as if unable at once to grasp the full import of the words she had heard.

"They hung him," repeated her informant in a higher key. "They hung Sandy last night, sho's yer born."

"What fur?" asked the old woman in astonishment.

"Fur murderin' uv you; and a burnin' your house; and a runnin' Sue off to the woods."

"Wal' now, ye hev did it," exclaimed the old woman with more strength in her tone than they thought she could command. "Ye are jess a passel of idjuts, that's what ye are. To think ye'd hev no more gumption than that, no more gumption than that."

"Mrs. Bascombe," said Templeton, seeing she was becoming too much excited, "don't worry over the matter. You are not exactly at yourself just now. We did hang him because he committed an outrageous crime, but don't trouble yourself now about it."

"Ye did hang him, did ye?" exclaimed the old woman, tauntingly. "Wal, I 'lowed 'twas some sich smart Aleck as you. Whar'd you come from, anyhow?"

Seeing that his presence exasperated her, the young man retired. The old woman now looked at her granddaughter and into such familiar faces as she saw

about her. "Hev they hung him sho nuff?" she inquired.

One or two said "Yes," others nodded their heads by way of assent. Then the old woman railed at them from her pallet on the ground.

"Ye've gone and hung Sandy, hev ye? Wal, now, s'pos'n' ye take me out and hang me. Ye hung him for draggin' me out'n the fire; now hang me for bein' drug out'n the fire. Hung Sandy, hung Sandy! Wal, ye are jess a passel of idjuts, the last one of ye. And tell me what ye did to Cross-eyed Jack, will ye? I s'pos'n' ye turned him a-loose, and gi'n him a chromo."

"Cross-eyed Jack?" inquired the woman who had first spoken. "What about him?"

"What about him? No wonder ye ax what about him. He bu'sted my door open in the middle of the night, sot my house on fire, split my head open with a ax and skert Sue nigh out'n her senses. That's all he done. So now jess give him a chromo and turn him a-loose. Do that, and then come finish your job by hangin' me to a black-jack tree 'longside of Sandy. Jess do that now; do that, and I'll take it as a favor. Go 'way from here, all of ye!" she cried with sudden indignation. "Go 'way, I tell ye. I don't want to lay eyes on none of ye no more."

"Granny, Granny," said Sue, soothingly, and she gave her some quieting medicine. The old woman lay in silence for a few moments, then she spoke out again:

"Let 'em go away; let 'em go away. I don't want to lay eyes on none of 'em again. Betwixt white folks that don't help in time of trouble and niggers that does, I'm on the side of the niggers. Wal, wal, wal, wal! The idjuts hev gone and hung Sandy, hung poor Sandy. Hung him to a sour apple tree, as the sayin' goes. No, it was to a black-jack tree this time, a black-jack tree. Wal, wal, wal!"

"Mrs. Bascombe," began Templeton, hoping to get a connected story from the old woman.

"I don't keer to hear another word from ye," she interrupted emphatically. "Ye needn't speak a single solitary word to me. Smooth talk ain't a gwine to fetch that nigger back to life; so hold your tongue and save your manners. But I tell ye now, young fellow, some things kin be stood and some is too aggravatin' to be stood. Ye've hung a good nigger for befriending a lone widder, and when I'm up from here I'm going to have the law on the last one of ye."

"Did Sandy Kinchen befriend you?"

"Did he? Hain't I jess told ye what he did? Do ye want me to begin at the fust and tell it all? Wal, I will. Here come Cross-eyed Jack, a low-lived scoundrel, slippin' up to the house, with me dead asleep and the gal, I s'pose, a cat-nappin'. Afo' anybody know'd what he was about, he sla's the ax agin the door with all his might. Right 'pon top of that comes another lick; the door flies open, I jumps up and the gal pops out'n the winder. Bein' young and spry, she pops out'n the winder, and runs up the hill, I make no doubt, like a wild turkey. I was fust on the floor, and I makes for the yard door as fast as I kin, as fast as ever I kin. I got clean out and most down to the big road, when I looked back and seed a great blaze in the house. Mebbe that devil, Cross-eyed Jack, drapped a match accidental, huntin' about for me and Sue. Mebbe he sot the room afire a purpose—I dunno, I dunno. He's none too good to do sich a thing, and I b'lieve he sot it afire a purpose. Anyhow, thar was a bright blaze by the time I got a little piece off from the house. When I seed that, I couldn't stand to have my things burned up, so I turned back and fotched a yell to 'larm the country. 'Hush,' he says, 'you old ——' and with that he called me a bad name, which—bein' a

church member—I'm not a gwine to mention."

"Granny," interrupted Sue, "you're talking too much. Be quiet now a little while, and then you can go on again."

"Never you mind, I know what I'm 'bout. Gimme another taste of that liquor, gal. Lawful sakes, whar was I? Hung Sandy, hung Sandy; yas, yas. Here he comes bustin' toward me and he calls me a owdacious name, and I says to him, 'I know ye and I'll have the law on ye, ye cross-eyed scoundrel.' Them's jess the words I said, and right at—"

"Granny, Granny, you're talking too much."

"Never you mind, gal. I'm a tellin' it for the benefit of them that's gone and hung Sandy. 'I know ye,' says I. 'I know ye.' With that he raised his ax and with that I fotched another yell, and with that—Lord, have massy 'pon me—he hit me right squar' on the head and knocked me cold as a wedge. Then I s'p'os'n' he tuck to his heels and leff them parts. And befo' I come to rights good I thought of Sue a runnin' from that cross-eyed devil. It was on my mind, on my mind. And when I come to—laws a massy, laws a massy—the house was a burnin' and the smoke and fire a rushin' out at the door, and me not able to move. I reckon ye wouldn't a liked that, none of ye, and yit that's jess the identical fix I was in. Presently there was a little dog barkin', barkin' and a snifflin' 'round me. And presently here comes a feller runnin'—I heerd him, I heerd him—and he grabs me and he drags me out'n the fire and smoke and off from the house. I'm a givin' it to ye straight. Whar's them that hung Sandy? Let 'em come forrards and listen. He was a nigger feller, this here feller was, and I don't in jeneral bemean myself by 'sociatin' with niggers, but this time I was glad for a while to 'sociate with niggers, I kin tell you. Whiles he was a draggin' me out'n the

smoke and fire, and the dog was barkin', barkin', I opened my eyes and I looked at the nigger feller hard, and it was Sandy Kinchen; neither more nor less, nor yit any other pusson but Sandy Kinchen. I knowed him well; I seed him good, and I tell you 'twas Sandy Kinchen; the very identical nigger that this here young smart Aleck and a lot of other smart Alecks has gone and hung to a black-jack tree. And the little dog that was barkin', barkin', I seed him good, too, and I tell you 'twas the identical little dog which keeps company with Sandy, and which everybody calls Jeneral Beauregard, sich bein' the outlandish name Sandy guv him."

"Granny, Granny!"

"Lemme 'lone, I tell you, gal. 'Twas Sandy Kinchen, I tell you, which you know'd as well as I did, and never know'd no special harm of him, nother. He put my gown out, which was afire, and he looked at my head, which was split open, and he seed the blood spurtin' and a streamin' every whicher way, and he says—the nigger did, I heard him plain—'Gawd A'mighty, what shill I do?' Then I says to him, 'Run for the doctor, Sandy,' and with that he run, and the dog run, and I hain't seed nary one of 'em sence. Hain't seed 'em; hain't seed 'em. Did they hang the dog, too? Now I wonder if they hung the little dog to a black-jack tree, becuse he was around and jess as deep into it as Sandy. Lord, Lord, to think of what they have gone and did; jess to think of it; jess to think of it!"

The doctor here came in and felt her pulse. She did not seem to have been weakened by her effort. Indeed her voice was stronger now than at any time since she received the injury.

"Mrs. Bascombe," said Templeton, kneeling by her, "you've surprised us all very much by your story—"

"No wonder," interrupted the old woman. "But that ain't a gwine to git

you out'n the scrape you're in; I tell you that."

"Mrs. Bascombe," pursued Templeton, "are you perfectly certain it was the man called Cross-eyed Jack who struck you? You may not be living when the court meets and—"

"Me not be livin' when the court meets? I hain't no notion of dyin', young feller; I tell you that. You summons me to the trial and I'll be thar."

"Could you swear positively to the man who struck you?"

"Kin I swar to him? I'd swar to him on a stack of Bibles high as the house he burned. Hain't he worked in my gyarden, and 'bout on the place? Work, did I say? I'll take that back. He jess only piddled 'round and made believe to work. Didn't he make bold to set up to Sue, and didn't she snub him the wust kind? Didn't I have to turn him off at last for a lazy, cross-eyed, impudent rascal? Me not know him when he faced me last night! You summons me to the court-house when the trial comes off and I'll p'int my finger at him and tell him all I've told here and more besides. I'll give him the whole truth right to his ugly face, and he dassn't deny my words. I'll swar to it all before judge and jury when the time comes; see if I don't, see if I don't. You summons me to the court-house, young feller; I'll be thar."

One of those who had been a willing participator in the untimely taking off of poor Sandy, here asked:

"Why didn't the nigger come back to you after he'd gone his errand?"

"Oh, I dunno, I dunno. Mebbe he come in sight and was afear'd to venture up. You all was tearin' 'round, I reckon, mad as blazes, and when a mob is on a rampage in these parts the smartest thing a nigger can do is to hide out. Ef I'd a been in Sandy's place you never would a laid hands on me, I tell you that. Whar he played the fool was in lettin' himself git caught."

"He told us he hadn't seen you," persisted the speaker. "He lied about having been here at all."

"Oh, I s'pos'n' he did," rejoined the old woman, impatiently. "Ef he had 'fessed to being here, ye'd a hung him for that; but he lied about it, and so ye hung him for lyin'. You was bound to have a hangin', that's a fact, and wa'n't very particular whose neck was pulled. Ef 'twa'n't easy to ketch the right man, ruther than wait ye'd string up the wrong man. When you fellers git started, you're like young dogs on a hunt; you'll chase any kind of game, jess to be barkin' and runnin'."

To this the individual who had provoked the old woman's sarcasm did not deem it prudent to reply. "The next time you-all gits up a mob," she continued, addressing him sneeringly, "you better git a sensible woman to head you. Wimmen is jess as excitable as men, but they ain't so bloody-minded."

After this she became quiet and dozed for a half-hour or more. When she awoke they gave her a stimulant and she seemed calmer and more cheerful. Seeing Templeton's face among those near

her, she addressed him in a good, strong voice and in a not unkindly tone:

"I'll be at the court-house, young feller, by the time you and Cross-eyed Jack gits there; don't you be nowise oneasy."

"You're better, aren't you, Granny?" queried Sue.

"Yes, I'm better," answered the old woman, "and I mean to keep on gittin' better."

She remained quiet now for some time and then spoke again, to no one in particular:

"They was bound to hang somebody, and so they hung Sandy Kinchen."

Shortly after this she dropped again into a doze, which soon deepened into sound slumber. She slept and slept, lying quite still and breathing now heavily, now more and more peacefully. The doctor said it was a good indication, and quietly they all slipped away from her presence, lest they might disturb her. When, shortly before midnight, Sue Bascombe crept back into the tent and looked narrowly in her face, she had joined Sandy Kinchen in the land of the leal.

[To Be Continued]

THE SONG IS TO THE SINGER

THE song is to the singer, and comes back most to him;

The teaching is to the teacher, and comes back most to him;

The murder is to the murderer, and comes back most to him;

The theft is to the thief, and comes back most to him;

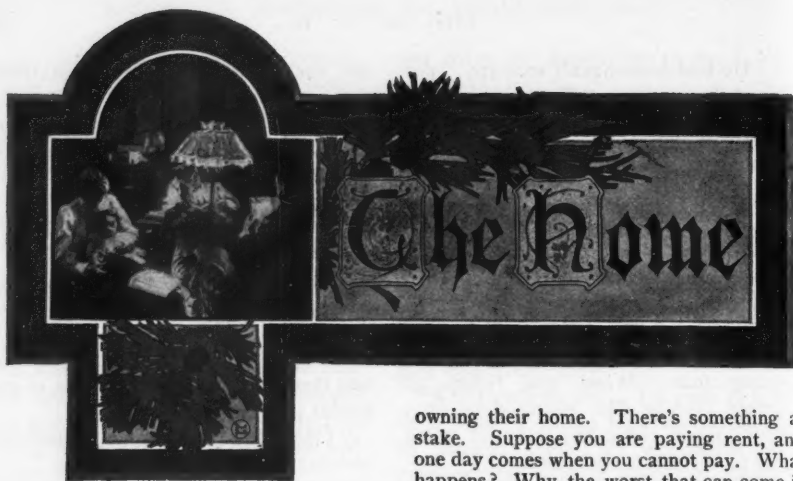
The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him;

The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him — it cannot fail;

The oration is to the orator, the acting to the actor and actress, not to the audience;

And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indications of his own.

— Walt Whitman (*"Carol of Words," 1856.*)



FOUNDING A TENT-HOME IN CALIFORNIA

By Leonie Gilmour
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

I SUPPOSE every easterner who comes to California comes hugging a dream of home. "Back east," he had no home. There, not only the too rich, not only the very poor, even the poor-enough-to-be-comfortable, are so often homeless. Homeless? Largely by their own fault, I grant you. "Home" in one sense is within reach of all. Someone has said that wherever two loving hearts strive to make a bit of a nest for themselves apart from the world, there home is. What if the nest be small? What if every gust voice a threat of ruin? Still it may be home. Yes, even under the blighting eye of the landlord there may be home.

But home without any third party, no landlord, no "other families" in the house or peering in your back windows; home with the dear sense of ownership encompassing it — why, that's a luxury we come to California to find. "Why pay rent? Why not own your own home?" is a proposition thrust upon the eastern visitor from the moment he steps off the train. Everywhere he looks, the busy real-estate speculator has placarded the quaint device. "Lots for sale! Lots! \$10 down and \$10 a month," or "\$25 down and \$10 a month." Well, why not own our home, we said. So after a year of hesitation we struck out for "Home." You see, even in California, poor folks must hesitate before

owning their home. There's something at stake. Suppose you are paying rent, and one day comes when you cannot pay. What happens? Why, the worst that can come is to be evicted, and then you go and live in cheaper quarters. But if you are buying your home on the installment plan, and you fail to make one payment—alas, you lose your very home. So we hesitated, trembling on the brink for a whole year. Then a bit of a check came to give us heart. We said, "We will."

Over on the eastern outskirts of the City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels there lies a high plateau, with a view of San Pedro mountain to the South — yes, there too the twin peaks of Catalina Island lift their heads out of white cloud billows — while between roll the miles on miles of mesa land, over which the clean winnowed wind of the mesa sweeps unremittingly. To the north the abrupt rock masses of the Sierra Madre show steely blue and white, or thunderously cloud-gray. On the east the softer forms of the dream-distant San Bernardino range still rim the world. Westward lies the city and the city haze — but we need not look westward. Underfoot the close-cropped pasture land fits the sole and springs to the tread.

Once I had come upon it in a stroll, now I remembered and returned to the spot. The real-estate agent — at every corner you find one peering at you from his hole like the squirrels — hitched up his buggy and got out his best oratory for our benefit. Poor real-estate agents have to work so hard: and dear me, wasn't he amazed! We agreed with everything he said. Undoubtedly the view was superb. We promptly selected our lot, the "sightliest" one for view — while the voice of the real-estate man rolled on, telling of the street one day to be cut through there. We were so pleased to have a deep gully close by that it never occurred to us that a

street could not possibly *ever* be cut through there. "I'm afraid ye got badly stuck on that lot," a neighbor afterward condoled with us, "because ye see ye're sidetracked away off from the street, and your property won't rise in value as if a street could be cut through there." Were we a bit crestfallen to think we had paid for just a view? The view consoled us.

Somebody told us we could buy a tent for \$10. We saw one advertised in the paper at that price. "A striped tent in good order, fourteen by sixteen feet," the advertisement ran. Now who would have thought to measure the tent? Or go poking about for rents in the canvas? Not we! The people who sold it us—decent working people they were—needed the money in building their "shack." The "shack" with chicken yard in back and some bright flowers in front is the second step in the evolution of the California "Home." The third step is the neat "bungalow" with levelled lawn and trees of your own planting.

Now the tent needed a floor. A floor will cost you a matter of \$5 or \$6, one of the wise say-so's informed us. We hunted for a man to lay the floor. "There's a decent oldish sort of a German man will work for a dollar and a half a day and glad to get it," one of our neighbors-to-be told us. Him we sought. Herr Z grunted some guttural objections—he was busy putting up some shacks—well, maybe he could leave for a day for a consideration of \$2.50. Agreed. And how much lumber would it take? Herr Z calculated in German and pronounced, "Twelve dollars." It was more than we expected. However, we supposed we were in for it. Would he buy the lumber for us? No, he would not. But he would meet me at the lumber yard and help me select the lumber, and then we would know what we were paying for. So I met Mr. Z by appointment at Canahl's lumber yard. A fine, patriarchal-looking fellow he was, recalling the pictures of Joseph. His bronzed face showed richly against the snowy beard, his brown eyes glowed softly. Afterward I learned to value his gentle and kindly heart. That day he tried my patience. Alas, he had quaffed the cup which puts fetters to the will, wings to the imagination—in short, was drunk. He was enjoying the divine irresponsibility of the heaven-born. He did not feel like work. (Does anyone in California feel like work?) "So much work to do on those shacks. If I stop to do your work those people get angery mit me," he shrugged deprecatingly. But our tent was bought, our lot bespoken, we wanted to settle at once.

"Leave alles to me, dear lady. I find one Seventh Day Adventist; good carpenter, I speak to him tonight. Sure he will lay your floor." In the meantime I bought the lumber: 300 square feet of flooring at \$27 a thousand cost \$9; eight beams two by four inches and fourteen feet long were \$1.50; Four boards one foot wide and one inch thick (as baseboards to raise the tent a little from the floor) cost another \$1.50. Add 75 cents for cartage and you have a total of \$12.75 for lumber.

And I decided to see Mr. Seventh Day Adventist myself. So that evening, after work, (my days being given over to an "office") I sought out the place. How changed, how dark and pathless the mesa by night: here and there a light twinkled from a rare house. Twice on the way a lighted tent, like a paper lantern set down on the mesa, guided me. A bare-legged boy brushed past me carrying a gunny-sack slung over his shoulder. What was in the sack? Dried chunks of manure, used to keep the hearth-fire aglow in the scarcity of coal. (Coal—a dirty soft kind in irregular lumps—costs 60 cents a sack in California, and wood is 30 cents a sack.) I knocked at the door of the carpenter at last. A woman's voice asked me in. I entered a huge room. A glowing kitchen stove in the middle reached out long, trembling fingers of light to touch the rough beams and rafters, the floor, the walls. A solidly built brick chimney rose from floor to roof. It was the outside shell of an incomplete house, of which the partitions, upper floor, lathing and plastering were still to be done. Before the comfortable fire Priscilla, the Puritan maiden—no, the buxom wife of the Seventh Day Adventist, clad in gray homespun and broad white kerchief, sat nursing her knees. Outside the wind blew gustily chill. I was glad to come into the warmth. The good wife gossiped. "Tent? Oh, yes, to be sure, you're the lady of the tent. Well, I'm glad to see you —" "I am afraid you made a mistake," I interrupted. "What, don't you live in the tent across the way? No? Well, there's something very mysterious about that. You know she had that tent built several months ago, and there's never a soul to be seen there—yes, someone saw a man and woman sitting in the doorstep at dusk once. Some folks say they've seen a light in the tent—Well, so it wasn't you after all." I told her I wanted a tent put up. Would her husband do it? Well, maybe, tho' she feared he was too busy. I must wait till he came home. He charged \$3.50 a day, working by contract he often made more, much more. Now

she prated of her husband. "My husband" was one of the important people of the Adventist community. Had I been to Elder Simpson's meetings? Such an earnest man! A man of property too! Why, he owned — But it was getting late, and I excused myself. Come to think of it, she was sure her husband was too busy to take any more work just now. I took up again my search for a carpenter, was directed from one place to another, always with the same result. Tired and hungry, I stumbled my way back to the road, after losing myself once in the tall dried grasses of the gully. At half-past nine I sat down to supper and the narration of the day's events. For the next three days I hunted carpenters. Finally someone gave me a tip to telephone to Union headquarters. They sent me a man (at \$3.50 a day of course) who took nearly two days to plant our fourteen by sixteen-foot tent (charges \$5) and incidentally discovered that it measured only twelve by fourteen feet. (Is it true that all Californians are liars? Well, I don't at this moment recall one who has kept his word to me in the matters of time and price. Your real Californian will tell you, however, that these are all Easterners. True enough!) So our tent cost us so far \$17.75; no, \$18.75, including the expressage.

We were to move Wednesday. But Wednesday it rained, the first time in six months. And Thursday it rained. Friday we took advantage of a lull in the storm to start out. I sat up in front of the express wagon beside a black man. Baby in his carriage was strapped securely on top of the load. The dear little fellow took it to be a pleasure outing. When a few drops of rain splashed his face he crowed with delight. He was laughing and making the sweetest crooning noises all the way. When his carriage rocked like a ship on a rolling sea he clutched my forefinger tightly, and thus fortified feared nothing. The roads were all ruts and miry pools, and the journey was long. When at last our wee bit tent came in sight my heart thumped. Home at last!

Inside was ridiculously small. And there were trunks and boxes, bed and stove and sewing machine, baby's chair and baby's crib and baby's go-cart and God knows what else, to be stowed away in that twelve by fourteen space. But it was a shelter from the rain which sputtered threateningly every minute or so, and it was warmer than outside. Hurrah for home!

Leaving my mother with the baby I started off for work (it was now about two o'clock) and finished out the day downtown. Alas, the rain was soon falling in a steady

downpour. Was the tent waterproof? Was it warm? I could tell nothing until I returned at nightfall. The walk over the rough roads was painfully long. I struggled against wind and rain, drenched to the skin. I struggled with sticky "dobe." ("Dobe" a contraction of the Spanish "adobe," a kind of dark loam, hard as brick in dry weather, in wet weather sticky beyond the imagination of anyone who has not encountered it. If you get caught in it, it will pull your rubbers off, even your shoes, before it lets you free. There is only one way to overcome it, which is to tie your feet up in gunny-sacks. Such is the vanity of humankind, however, that the gunny-sacks in evidence on a rainy day are far fewer than necessity demands. The mesa was dark, black with the blackness of a river under storm-clouds. Where was our tent-ship? Was it securely anchored? I saw nothing of it until I was quite close. Faintly the light of it shone through the mist. I steered straight for it over the stubbly field.

Mamma sat in the middle of chaos, holding baby wrapped in a blanket. She had been too frightened by the noises to do anything. The tent groaned and creaked, the ropes that held it anchored were drawn taut and whizzed under the wind. The canvas flapped loudly. The whole floor was wet. The only one dry thing in that room was little Yo (my baby) swathed in blankets in spite of his protesting kicks. I found the coffee pot in the corner half full of rain water. And the coffee was in some box or other. Aha! here it is! Now for hot coffee and hamburger steak, cooked over the little oil stove. "Hamburger steak?" sniffed Mama. "Certainly! You didn't think I'd come home without fetching something in my pocket? And here are fresh rolls." Did the milk come? I told a boy to fetch you some. "Certainly it came. Baby isn't starved, at any rate." So we ate our supper off one plate. Of cups, forks and spoons we had found each one.

"What shall we do with this tent? It leaks abominably."

I looked around and found open seams in the canvas, a half-inch space under the base-board, and other defects. Even the best of tents will become water-soaked in a long, continuous rain. Someone in the office had told me that a "fly" was needed. A fly is a sort of cloth roof, stretched over a center beam a few inches higher than the ridge-pole of the tent and extending over the eaves. This sheds the water, protects and preserves the tent, and makes the place cooler in Summer. Such a one as would protect our tent costs about \$6. "That will make the price

of our tent come to about \$25," said Mamma. "And any day a high wind may come and blow the whole thing away. And we have so many other expenses. Already I have given the agent \$25 as first payment on the lot, and you know \$9 more went to the water company to have the main water pipe tapped, and we still must buy some piping, a faucet and connections to get the water to the surface — perhaps \$3 or \$4 more. That makes about \$40 for first payment on our lot and for water, and say \$24 for the tent, that's \$64 already." "Yes, but think, Mama! After this we will pay out simply the \$10 a month we used to pay for rent." "And seventy-five cents for water-tax," added Mamma. "And in three years the whole thing will be paid for."

"What trees shall we plant?"

"I want a Norway pine."

"Why not have some fruit trees?"

"A fig tree, of course."

"A couple of orange trees? And the blossoms of the lemon are so fragrant."

"Those are all dwarfish trees. I'd like a glorious spreading maple, or an oak."

"Ah, the maple is for back East, where the Autumn frost can get in his fine work coloring the leaves. We have no Autumn glory here," sighed my mother.

"We'll have a honeysuckle clambering over the back porch."

"We can grow any kind of flowers here all Winter. Strawberries too if we want. We're above the frost line."

"But cold enough tonight."

"The bedding is all wet."

"Well, we must manage to lie on it somehow. I'm deadly tired."

We spread two mattresses on the floor. Mamma's was comparatively dry. Mine thoroughly soaked. I lay down, baby with me, wrapped in all the dry blankets. The icy wet penetrated my nightgown. No use to try to sleep. I sat up. The air was cold too. I lay down. The bed was colder. Things had reached the point of tragedy. I began to laugh. Why? By the same logic that I must cry when my cup of happiness is full. Being a woman I suppose reasons are superfluous. Baby objected to my writhings. He fretted. He would not rest again. He wanted to be held. I sat up with baby in my arms, rocking back and forth in bed, crooning and cuddling and talking to him. Bye, baby! Bye! Hush, my baby dear. Mamma got her little boy! Just listen! Hark! What's that? Why, that's the wind! Patter, patter! Why that's little sea-horses trampling on the roof. Sh! Listen! We're in a funny kind of a ship, we're riding over a big sea.

Whole world is drowned, only not we! Hush, my dove! Mamma's only little white dove! Bye, bye, bye, O! He quieted at last. I laid him down and crept to the door. By this time the tent was full of a strange white light. I thought the morning sun was shining through. I looked out. There the moon was, riding uncertainly through cloud billows. "Clusters of cloud against the moon, the wind for a flower," the Japanese expression of the inexplicable pathos of life recurred to my mind, as I glanced back at baby's dear flower face sleeping in the moonlight. O my own little flower! O could I shield thee from every harsh wind! I covered him warmly, and waited. Neighbors' chickens began to waken. And sweet birds trilled in the tall grass stalks of the gully. Now warm sunshine flooded the tent, from above, from the sides. We needed no window. How glorious the life in a tent! Yo clapped his hands. Happy, happy boy!

I went off singing to work. The mesa held up a face radiant through tears. Every grass blade was shining with the silver drops. Grass? Why, the brown mesa had put on a robe of green overnight. The new grass was half an inch high. Soon it would be four inches. In mid-winter it would be knee-deep.

Sunday was our day for setting to rights. We hammered and sawed and swept and dug and sweated. In the afternoon I spied a little figure climbing up the side of the gully.

"So hard to find you — such a long walk I had." A Jap boy stood before me wiping his forehead. "You like ducks? Here are two wild ones; my boss shot them."

Matsuo pulled the feathers off the ducks and we fried one in olive oil with plenty of onion and a dash of curry. We were tired and dirty, but happy as gypsies. We enjoyed our supper. Mamma ate ravenously, having been limited to a vegetarian diet for a couple of days. The duck was delicious.

Yo licked the bones.

FLORAL POINTERS FOR FEBRUARY

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

BEFORE this month ends many of us will be making comparisons between the number of plants we see listed in the new catalogues, and want, and the amount of money we can appropriate to their purchase

but the experienced ones will stop short of getting many of the much lauded novelties.

Much of the pleasure in cultivating flowers consists in watching the development of unknown plants and we want a few of the new ones, but it is the part of wisdom to make it "a few" and let someone else try others.

Sometimes they are all that is claimed for them; very frequently they are worth mighty little, and, *always*, they are high-priced.

When planning for the purchase of plants a thought must be given to the number and condition of the pots on hand, for it is altogether probable that some new ones will be needed and more than probable that a part of those on hand will need renovating. The price of a novelty or two will pay for enough along this line to add more to the appearance of the plant collection than could be added by a dozen fine plants put into, and among, a lot of shabby pots.

Soft-baked clay pots are the best it is possible to get for most plants, when conditions for growth are considered, and fortunately, the natural cream and terra cotta shades in which they usually come blend harmoniously with all colors found in foliage and flower among our plants — which is more than can be said for some of the expensive, glazed, highly-colored and gilt-bedecked things sold as ornamental (?) pots.

With ordinary care these pots may be used for years before they become discolored, but when that time comes they should be emptied; thoroughly scrubbed and *stained* — not painted. To prepare the stain add powder of whatever color is wanted to turpentine, adding a very little powder at a time, until the desired shade is secured.

English vermilion added to the turpentine produces a color closely resembling that of the darker pots when new; yellow ochre produces a cream tint and burnt ochre a brown one, while chrome-green with a very little black gives a beautiful moss-green shade and either of the stains gives a permanent color to the clay without filling the pores.

In order to pot a plant in the way to induce its best growth it is necessary to take into consideration the kind of root it naturally produces. To put a plant having long, downward-reaching roots into a broad, shallow pot is to invite failure, while to put one that produces spreading roots which remain near the surface into a deep pot is to make

sure of having a quantity of soil below the roots which is in a condition to be worse than useless.

Among the broad and shallow pots now on the market we find one class listed as fern-pots, and these are fine for any plant having roots that spread near the surface.

A second class, even more shallow than the first, are called bulb pans and a third class furnishes the seed pans which are the best possible things in which to start seeds.

The advantage gained by the use of these pans comes from the fact that they may be set into water and left until the soil has absorbed moisture enough. If the water is warm the soil becomes warmed and, in any case, there is no danger of washing out the seeds or tiny plants.

One fine plant in a suitable pot is far more ornamental, and gives more enjoyment to all who see it, than two fine plants in shabby pots and the fact should be kept in mind when planning the window-garden campaign for any season.

THE OLD FOLKS

By Elizabeth Rollit Burns

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

AYE, make the children happy,
"Twere blessed so to do;
But don't forget the old folks,
Oh, make them happy too!

"The little untried footsteps
Have such a length to go!"
So far have come the aged,
Their weary steps are slow.

"We know not what awaiteth
The journey just begun."
Much toil and grief befel them
Whose race is nearly run.

Yes, make the children happy,
Too soon will shadows loom;
And don't forget the old folks
So near the silent tomb;

But strive to make them happy
The while ye have them here,
With acts of thoughtful kindness,
And words of love and cheer!

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, **YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER.** You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

HOW TO CLEAN STRAINERS

By MRS. W. M. G.
Hatfield, Missouri

When your strainers become clogged and practically useless, a lump of coarse salt, moistened and vigorously applied, will prove effectual.

CURE FOR IVY POISON

By MRS. A. E. LARKIN
Ontario, California

The best and quickest cure for ivy poison is hot water. Make a mop of a soft rag, folded several times, dip it in hot, not warm, water and apply to the affected part for three or four minutes, just as hot as can be borne without scalding; repeat often, do not rub, touch gently. If done when it first appears nothing more will be needed; it allays the itching at once.

NUGGETS OF HOMELY WISDOM

By MRS. E. E. B.
Wichita, Kansas

If when putting up fruit some of the nice juices are canned, you have something ready for seasoning mince-meat for Thanksgiving and Christmas pies, with very little trouble.

To paper white-washed walls, wash with strong vinegar-water before putting on paper.

If light cotton goods are put into cold salt water thoroughly heated, and rinsed while hot in cold water, there will be no more shrinking and this will set the colors, excepting fancy colors.

Putting a little butter in cooked starch will make the irons go more smoothly on ironing day.

Shake a little flour in pans after greasing, when making cake; they are less liable to burn on bottom.

For cleaning combs use ammonia and brush; rinse in clear water.

Ammonia used on beds and mattresses will keep them clean and free from bugs.

To clean lamp chimneys, rub first with cloth wet in kerosene, then with soft paper or cloth.

HAVE THE EGGS COLD

By ADDIE F. WOODMAN
North Leeds, Maine

When you want eggs to come to a froth quickly, have them almost ice-cold before you break them.

DIVERS USEFUL HINTS

By C. A. DAVIS
Salem, Massachusetts

Alcohol will keep ice from forming on the windows. Discolorations on china baking dishes and custard cups can be removed with whiting.

Kerosene oil and soft cloth will keep mahogany furniture in fine condition.

Drop vinegar will remove paint from window glass.

Use soda water in washing windows to remove finger-marks, putty stains, etc.

BAKED EGGS

By MRS. A. J. C.
Long Branch, California

Break in a buttered gem-pan the number of eggs to be cooked, being careful that each is whole, put upon each a few rolled cracker crumbs; a small piece of butter, and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Adding a teaspoon of cream is a great improvement. Bake in the oven until whites are firm.

CLEANING CARPET-SWEEPERS

By MRS. LON CONOVER
Covington, Ohio

If you want your carpet-sweeper to do good work, take the brush out and comb it occasionally. Do not throw your sweepers away when they fail to sweep, thinking the brush is worn out. The brush will last as long as the sweeper. Just have the man of the house lower the spring that controls the brush. In case a mouse eats the brush a new brush can be bought at the furniture dealer's for fifty cents.

UTILIZING A CELLAR-WAY

By NOLA MAE PEACOCK
Mattawan, Michigan

On one side I have three grape baskets, nailed one above the other, and into these I put paper sacks, wrapping paper and newspapers, respectively. Below these I have a small box in which I put all the wrapping cord. So if I have a bundle to do up, a fowl to singe or any need of paper or cord, I always have a supply on hand.

I also keep my brooms here on little racks made of two nails driven in the wall just far enough apart to admit the broom handle between them. The cool air of the cellar-way keeps the brooms soft and pliable.

I have a narrow shelf on one side for shoe-blackening, stove-blackening, machine oil and other small necessary articles, which are best kept out of sight.

TO BLACKEN A RANGE

By MRS. N. S. P.
Newtonville, Massachusetts

My friends tell me they have to take out bolts and screws to remove the nickel trimmings when blacking their ranges. I have one of the Model Hub Ranges made by the Smith & Anthony Co., Boston and can instantly remove all of its trimmings. There are no bolts or screws to bother with—the nickel parts just drop into slots, and can be lifted out at pleasure. I have been told no other range has this feature.

NOTE and COMMENT

ON THE TRAIN ❧ ❧ By J. F. Conrad

DES MOINES, IOWA

THERE is no better place to get an insight into human nature than on a train; especially when you are traveling after night, and, for some reason that you do not care to make public, have neglected to procure a berth. How peculiar it is that the man who will sit up all night and play poker or whist down town will be found asleep, occupying two whole seats, before nine o'clock, if he is traveling. If you ask him to divide the earth with you, you will be treated to a specimen of pure selfishness that cannot be found outside of a hog-pen. The next legislature ought to be compelled to furnish troughs for a part of the traveling public. I do not mind seeing people make a sleeper out of the smoking-car when there is room, but I cannot say I like to ride three hundred miles on a wood-box while some long cuss is stretched diagonally across two seats and sleeping like he had no conscience and had never been touched up by remorse.

Not long ago I was riding in the smoker, reading one of Katherine Greens's thrilling "Who Do You Think Did It's?" when an Italian family got on—a man and his wife and two little ones, and, owing to the crowded condition of the car, they were forced to occupy one seat. It was about ten p.m. Soon they began to prepare for a nap. The little ones were laid on a seat head to foot. Then the man and his wife sat down on the floor in front of them and

leaned their heads and an arm on the cushion of the seat. In this way they kept the children from falling off and secured for themselves a position that was not half as uncomfortable as it looked. It was not ten minutes until the entire outfit was asleep, dreaming, maybe, of "Sunny Italy." Of course it did not look dignified, but it gave a an idea of how a man can work for one dollar and a quarter a day, support a family, get drunk once in a while and occasionally visit his native land. Those people slept the entire night, and in the morning they looked as fresh and happy as if they had slept the entire night on a four-dollar mattress. They had lunch with them; I watched them eat, which maybe was not good manners. They laughed and talked in their own tongue; they joked some; while I could not see the point to the joke, I knew intuitively they joked. When they had finished, the lunch basket was closed and then they settled down to enjoy all the scenery. By that time they had secured another seat, and a happier, more contented family you could not find on the train.

After that I went into the dining-car, where the people with lower berths and lots of money ate their breakfasts and criticised the culinary department. At the table next to me sat a man and his wife and one child. The parents looked tired and the child was cross; and they had not slept in a seat, either; not they.

The lady began by complaining of the chocolate; the man kicked because his steak was either overdone or underdone. The kid poured his milk out on the floor and declared he wanted coffee, and howled until he got it; then he howled some more. They finished their breakfasts without a smile. Maybe, though, the man had taken his before; I could not tell. When I came back to the smoker and saw that Italian and his family, happy in their contentment, it struck me that while probably not "all is vanity," anyhow half of it is.

I saw a mad conductor on the way. The car was crowded with people going to some county fair. In the seat ahead of me was a man and his wife, I take it, and a boy three or four years of age. As usual in such cases, there was an effort made to have the little ruffian shine. When the conductor came to their seat, the proud parent had given the pasteboards to the boy. "Give the tickets to the man, Willie," said the proud parent, with a smile on his face that almost hid his countenance. The mother laughed; she could not help it, it was such a cute situation; the grandparents, three or four seats ahead, stood up to see what the cute little cannibal would do. It seemed to me they were old enough to have known better. The grandparents, I mean.

"Give it to the conductor, Willie," said the fond f., as he shoved the little

phenomenon toward the man who had nothing to do, hardly, but beat the road. But Willie, true to tradition, refused to perform. Did he give up those tickets? Not Willie. When the fond f. tried to do what he ought to have done in the first place, that is, pass up the tickets himself, Willie squeezed them in his hand, straightened out his legs, bowed his back and howled. When he saw he was going to lose out to his father and the conductor, he made a side-step, or something of that nature, and threw the tickets down between the seats.

After a while the conductor dug them out and punched them like he was trying to cut a hole through a piece of stove-pipe. As he passed up the aisle by me I heard him mutter something that sounded to me like "hell and damnation."

This was naughty in Willie and made his parents feel tough; but they had him doing cute things before the next station was reached. You could not blame the parents. If Adam could have had an audience, he would have tried to make Cain show off. When it comes to the first-born we all make fools of ourselves. A blank stare on the face of the first, to the head of the family is a look of inspired genius. A crusty pessimist would say it was inspired idiocy. But there it is again. We parents can never see why our photographers will persist in filling their show cases with a lot of little mediocrities.

KILLING A JIM-CROW CAR BILL ♣ By N. B. Huff

SPENCER, WEST VIRGINIA

IT was during the session of the West Virginia legislature, 1893, that a member offered what is commonly called a "Jim-Crow" bill. As a matter of course, the negroes of Charleston, the state capital, took immediate action to prevent, if possible, the passage of the measure;

it had been referred to one of the house committees and a day set to hear the protest of the colored people; they held a meeting and selected the ablest among them to present their side of the question before the committee.

I had paid but little attention to the

matter, but one evening, after the regular work of the day had been done, an old friend, a typical Southerner, said to me:

"Come with me; the colored people have a hearing before our committee this evening; and I feel sure that something will happen that will interest you."

I went and have always been glad since that I did go; for it was there that I became convinced that the Southern man is a better friend to the negro than he sometimes gets credit for being. And I am glad for another reason: it was there that I heard an old negro make the most effective speech, if it may so be called, that I ever heard anywhere.

Three representatives had been selected by the negroes—a minister, a teacher and old Sam Dandridge, a former slave, but at that time a restaurant-keeper, who, by industry, honesty, thrift and close attention to business, had accumulated considerable property. When we got there the speaking had begun; the minister made a fair address, so did the teacher; but it remained for old Sam to win his cause.

I have heard some very able men speak; but have never seen anyone more completely carry his audience with him than did that old negro. I will never forget that simple talk. He made no attempt at display—he was deference itself. It was an appeal for his people, an appeal to the heart and reason of his auditors; simple, plain and to the point; unembellished, but strong. He said:

"My people have sent me here to talk for them. You have before you what is called a 'Jim-Crow' bill. That bill provides that the railroads shall provide separate coaches for colored people. I am not here to dictate to you but I am here to beg of you not to humiliate us by the passage of this bill. You allow every other race of mankind to ride in the same coaches with you; why, then, would you draw the line on us? If you make the test a moral one, I have no word to say against it; we all know that there are negroes—yes, and white men, too—who are unfit to ride with decent

people of any color. If you draw the line there, then there will be no complaint from us.

"I know that my people are of an inferior race. I know that we are not your equals. What we are, we owe to you; and what we are to be, depends much on your patience with us.

"My people have erected no monuments, built no great cities, left no traces of civilization in all the past. We are as children in your hands—help us to better things. We cannot lead; we must follow. We learn by imitating you. We have learned much; we have much yet to learn. All we are you have helped us to be; what we are yet to be depends much on you. We live among you; help us to live in peace. We may try your patience at times but bear with us.

"I was a slave myself. I belonged to old Marsa Ruffner. When the war came on, that gave me my freedom, Marsa Ruffner called me to him one day, and said to me, 'Sam, I am going away to the war; I leave Missis and the little ones with you; take care of them.' And, as God is my judge, I did take care of them, as I would my own. For four long, hard years I worked for them. I ploughed the ground, planted the corn, worked it, husked it, shelled it and took it to the mill and got it ground to make bread for them. I raised the hogs that made their meat; worked for the clothes that they wore and went for the doctor for them when they were sick. And when old Marsa came back I turned them over to him safe and well.

"And now, suppose that old Marsa and old Missis were living today and were over yonder at the depot, ready to take the train, and me and my old woman would go there to get on the same train, do you suppose that old Marsa would say to me, 'Sam, you and your wife go back yonder and get on that other coach; you are not good enough to ride with me and my wife.' No, no! He would reach out his hand to help and say, 'Come in here with us.'"

That blessed old negro had every one of us so completely his friend before he closed that a "Jim-Crow" bill didn't have the ghost of a chance in that legislature. The old fellow has since passed to the unknown, where race, color, or previous condition of servitude makes no differ-

ence. The scenes of his joys and sorrows are left behind. He was one of many who proved his loyalty to his old masters by the severest test that could be placed on mortal man.

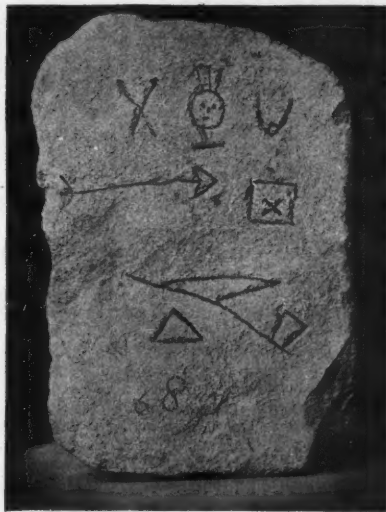
Loyal and true to his trust, he stood at his post and cared for those entrusted to him, rather than flee and fight for his freedom.

I could not have done it; could you?

PIONEER PROSELYTING ❁ By Charles W. Chace

DIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE picture here presented is a photograph of an Indian gravestone recently unearthed at Dighton, Massachusetts. The stone is in a fine state of preservation and is considered one of the rarest of Indian curiosities. The stone attracted so much interest that its owner loaned it to the Old Colony Historical Society. They placed it in the hands of an authority on Indian hieroglyphics, who gave the following interpretation: The first line consists of a cross, an Indian head and the letter V. The cross stands for the cross of Christ, while the V is the first letter of the Greek word "vios," meaning son. Therefore these signs are interpreted as follows: "This Indian was the son of Christ." The second line is composed of an arrow aiming for a square enclosing a cross. This shows that "The aim of his life was toward the banner of the cross." The third line depicts an Indian pipe of peace, which is taken to represent the words, "May he rest in peace." Just beneath the pipe is the Greek letter delta, or D, and it is believed that this might stand for "Danforth," the name of the Taunton minister who is known to have converted many of the Indians to the Christian faith.



THE RECORD ON STONE

The figures 68 can be plainly distinguished, and it is likely that they are a part of the date, the rest of which is effaced. It was probably "168—" something, as it was just about that time that Mr. Danforth was pursuing his religious work here. The stone throws a little light upon an almost forgotten period.

THE RATE LAW IN COURT ❁ A Sinister Forecast

(FROM THE NEW YORK SUN, TRUST ORGAN)

THE year now begun is likely to be memorable in the eyes of constitutional lawyers and political economists if congress shall sanction the experi-

ment of government rate-making for railways, which Mr. Roosevelt advocates. We must * * * watch with profound misgiving the making of rates for transportation by a board some if not all of whose members will be unqualified by experience to transact such a complicated and difficult business.

From the standpoint of expediency, indeed, the experiment desired by the president is almost universally condemned by experts, but it looks as if it might have to be tried, in view of the support given to the president's project by a great majority of the house of representatives and a large part of the senate, and also of the acquiescent atti-

tude reluctantly adopted of late by the Pennsylvania Railroad and some other railway systems.

The worst feature of a law sanctioning so grave an innovation is that, once inscribed upon the statute book, it cannot be expunged easily by legislative fiat, however disappointing and obnoxious may be its practical results. *For that reason the best hope of those who fear that government rate-making may have not only perturbing but disastrous consequences [to the stock - gambling, law-breaking, press - court - and - legislature - corrupting private monopolizers of the public highways] lies in the federal tribunal.*

DO YOU REALLY CARE? ♣ By Frank Putnam

DO you really care whether congress does or does not pass a law giving federal officials control of railway rates? or does your interest in the subject end in mere talk? If you really care, get busy. The System—invented by the First Monopolist and christened by Tom Lawson—is fighting, tooth and claw, to defeat the president's program, and so to hold its grip on its monopolistic privilege of taking toll, at its own price, from every user of the public highways—the railroads. Heretofore the Washington Post has been an independent American newspaper; it has been bought by the System and is driving the System's knife into Roosevelt's back at every opportunity. This is just a sample of what is being done throughout the country. **It is up to you to write to your senator and your congressman, informing them plainly that you expect them to**

support a rate bill—an honest rate bill—if you believe the whole people, and not the System, should rule the public highways.

The president's popularity with the people has been a bar to the System's undisputed enjoyment of its right of ownership in the rest of the government at Washington. The System has set out to destroy that popularity by pretending that Roosevelt wants imperial power and by insinuating scandals in affairs under his management. **Roosevelt's hands are clean; his popularity gains with every blow the System aims at him. The people know that the only imperial ambition they have to check at Washington is that of the System.** They will make this fact plain in the next congressional elections, by smashing those representatives who may now betray them.

BROTHER CHIEFTAINS ♣ By Henry Rightor

(FROM "HARLEQUIN," NEW ORLEANS)

ROOSEVELT AND DIAZ

RULERS of twin republics, bronze and pale!
Youth's vigor in the North, and to the South
The calm far-seeing wisdom of the eld!
Ye stand, ye captains of the Western world,
The very type-exemplars of the time,
The pith and progress of the living day!

Thou of the broader world-belt, keen and strong,
Scion of gods and prophets! Thou hast been
The forceful, silent arbiter of all
That touched the sun-dyed children of the West!

And so has been thy rule;
True as the wage of virtue or of sin!

Thou of the paler nation where the zones
Narrow to Northward, lo, thy way has been
Straight to the target, seeing but the end!
Great in thy youth and gentle in thy strength,
A minister and hero to the world!

Brothers in wisdom, champions of the right,
Rulers of lands that merge as stream and seal
Fathers of peoples bound by every tie
Of common aim and common sun and moon
And common waters washing by their doors!
Thrive ye in peace and interchange of love,
Your forceful, gentle hands upon the world,
Your eyes high-fixed upon the laws of God!